

The Gateway



A Merry Christmas

Christmas Messages to The Gateway

CHRISTMAS is the commemoration of what in their hearts millions of men and women the world over regard religiously as the greatest gift ever made to man. Year in and year out at Christmas-tide we pause in our diurnal round; we forget our quarrels, our trials and tribulations and turn with outstretched hand and kindly eye to greet our circle of friends and acquaintances. Despite rumours of war and drought and pestilence, the spirit of the first Christmas message—Peace on earth and good will towards men—rules for a few genial, mellow days, at least, the heart and mind of mankind.

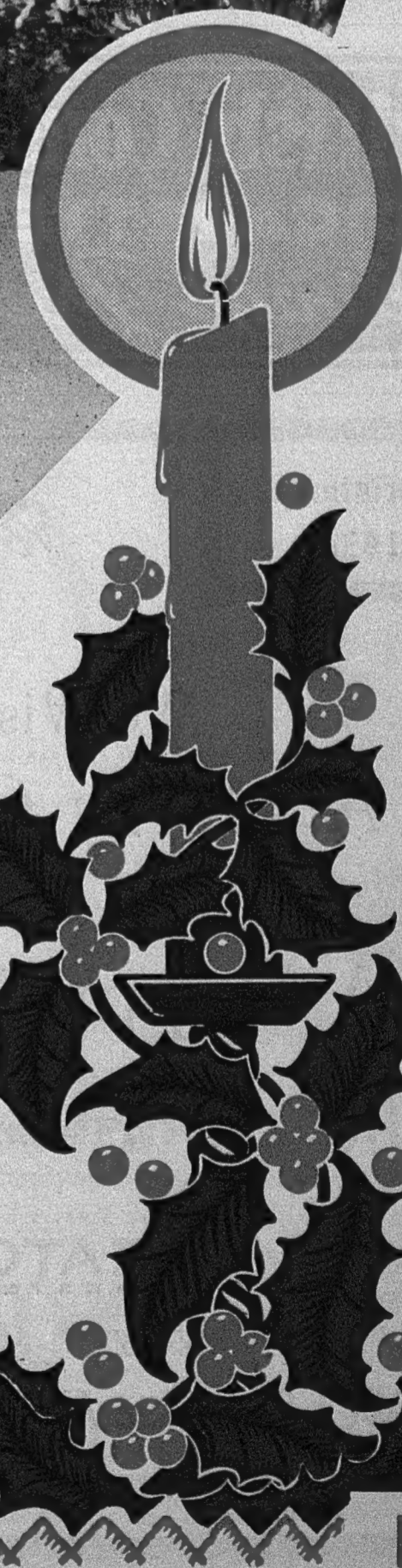
A happy Christmas and prosperous New Year is my wish to you all.

W. A. R. KERR,
President.

WITH the approaching Christmas season let us look in retrospect on a most successful three months in our 1936-37 University term. They have represented a truly colorful period, which have been filled with numerous displays of genuine enthusiasm and interest in all fields of activities.

It is a pleasure to be given this opportunity to wish each student, on behalf of the Students' Council, a very merry Christmas and a prosperous and happy New Year.

WM. G. SCOTT,
President Students' Council.



Med.-Greasers Have Annual Fights At Sydney, Gateway Told By Australian Dentist Here

By Alex Cairns

Students' I. Q. On Toboggan

Some one is always taking the joy out of life. Dr. Albert E. Wiggam, well-known author and scientist, recently told students at Purdue that if college students don't watch what they are doing, they will all have the minds of third rate farm hands and muskrat trappers. Quoting Dr. Wiggam, "It looks as though the I. Q. is on the toboggan, with the children of the refuse collectors about to occupy the throne of Bryn Mawr graduates."

That Dr. Cottee is a veritable walking information bureau on practically every phase in the life of his country, was the conclusion to which this Gateway reporter had come at the termination of a long interview with that well-known Australian gentleman, at present enrolled in the Dentistry department of the University of Alberta.

In what rapidly modified into a conversation, Dr. Cottee told of his former Alma Mater at Sydney, on the S.W. coast of the province of New South Wales, Australia.

Large Campus

The Sydney University is much larger than that of Alberta, having a total registration of over eight thousand students, male and female. The campus is about a mile-and-a-half square and is dotted with many beautiful buildings, among them a recently-built Dental hospital worth \$250,000. Incidentally, all the hospitals in this city are run on the proceeds derived from weekly lotteries.

The chief athletic activities of the Sydney students are English rugby and cricket. However they take a deep interest in "playing the ponies and puppies", as horse and dog racing are very popular there. "Doc" himself owns a racehorse "Double Dutch" that holds three Sydney track records.

Med.-Greasers Fight

That subtle thing known as "Varsity Spirit" enjoys a high degree of development in his Australian University. A friendly feud exists between the Med. students and the Engineers, or "Greaser", as they are there termed. There is an annual battle for supremacy between these two faculties, and according to Dr. Cottee, it is "their day of the year."

On the day prior to the big fight, cartloads of fruit, flour, eggs and axle grease are drawn up to the Medical and Engineering buildings. This is the ammunition. On the following day, each and every student ladens himself down with these missiles, approaches the enemy forces—and the scrap is on!

Women Haters to Sup With Co-eds

Latest word direct from the camp of the Woman Hater's Club, who are planning their ninth anniversary party some time early in the New Year, is to the effect that invitations are to be mailed to "the 150 most beautiful women on the campus" during the Christmas vacation, in order that they may invite their escorts to the Woman Hater's Ball. Idea is that the women will invite their own escorts to the party, thus maintaining the standard set by the Women Haters nine years ago when that organization was founded.

Eggs and fruit in various stages of decay, fly in all directions. Black, viscous grease propelled from grease guns clings lovingly to various parts of student anatomy. And the Engineers, who have rigged up an overhead cable supporting a student-manned "aeroplane", suffer with their foes as badly-aimed "flour bombs" explode on their heads and shoulders.

When the ammunition is exhausted, the students proceed in a milling body to the large pond which marks the lowest point on the campus, where here the struggle is resumed. Here, many unfortunate are well ducked, and many a hapless newspaper photographer, intent on obtaining a picture of the affair for his local "rag", is thrown, together with his equipment, to light with a resounding splash, far out into the pond. However the ducking is by far the cleanest part of the fun.

Commemoration Day

Another big day for the University is that of the "Commemoration Procession" which takes place around graduation time. Practically the entire student body parades through the streets of Sydney, with large eight gallon kegs of beer from which they freely imbibe en route and as Dr. Cottee puts it: "The traffic is theirs until the end of the procession."

Dissecting Room Fights

That night the procession invades the different theatres, equipped with tomatoes and "hen-fruit". Woe betide the actor whose efforts are not appreciated.

In addition there are frequent "meat fights" in the University dissecting laboratory. "Doc" wistfully recalled the last in which he had participated (of course as an innocent spectator).

"I got a large lump of liver, smack on the side of the jaw," he reminisced ruefully.

"N-not human liver?" we gulped. "Yes, human liver," mildly asserted the doctor.

We hastened on to question him about the Student Government, but it seems that it is quite similar to that of the University of Alberta.

(Continued on Page 14)

THE CLOCK

A Short Short Story

The man entered his living room, and sat himself down in a comfortably plump Morris chair, before the ruddy hearth fire. The evening paper rustled in his hands, eager to unfold its burden of news. He glanced at the glittering black headlines, plunged his concentration into the perusal of a front-page story. And the clock on the mantel, gazing down with impassive face, sang its little monody. Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

The song pierced the man's consciousness, and he looked up, annoyed at the clock for having interrupted him. Then his eyes swung back to the choppy black lines, lines that did their best to hold his attention. Again the song of the clock intruded. The man's foot started to strike the floor in regular cadence. Tap, tap, tap. . . . In vain, for the clock would be heard. The man laid the newspaper down, and softly cursed the clock. But the clock on the mantel, gazing down with impassive face, sang its little monody. Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

It irritated the man, and the irritation made him nervous. So he paced the length of the thick-napped rug, nervously, but his measured tread was subordinated by the clock. He wondered what was wrong with his mind; the very rhythm of his thoughts seemed to flow in the same phase as the insistent ticking of that infernal clock. Gradually, half unconsciously, he summoned all his powers to battle the song of the clock. Two lines of invisible force met. For a mere instant he thought that he had conquered. Then he heard it again, louder—louder than before. . . . The clock on the mantel, gazing down with impassive face, sang its little monody. Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

Louder, louder, louder, the song. Like a knife, fiercely glinting in the sunlight, it bit into his brain. Like acid, evilly corrosive, it fell upon him. Drop, drop, drop. Drops of sweat coursed down his pale cheeks. He couldn't stop it, and he couldn't stand it. It was driving him mad. Driving him? . . . perhaps. . . . For a second he held the awful thought, for an eternal second. Then, his legs trembled as he slowly inched toward the brown desk. His hand trembled as it drew the gleaming piece of steel from the drawer. His whole body trembled as he put the muzzle to his throbbing forehead. Then he laughed. . . . horribly. . . . and cheated the clock.

The clock on the mantel, which had stopped three years back, gazed down with impassive face. . . . at the dark red stain on the rug.

—Daily Northwestern.

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Programs for Week of Dec. 21st to 26th

Monday, Dec. 21—
1:00 p.m.—Farm and Home Forum.
1:00—Music.
1:15—National Policies of Land Tenure Donald Cameron (CKUA-CFCN).
1:30—Agricultural News Flashes (CKUA-CFCN).
1:40—Music.
2:00—Food and Health, Margaret Malone Vant (CKUA-CFCN).
6:30 p.m.—French Conversational Course.
7:00 p.m.—Studio Program.
7:30 p.m.—Organ Recital, Prof. L. H. Nichols.
8:00 p.m.—The Science Question Box, Dr. E. H. Gowan (CKUA-CFCN).

Tuesday, Dec. 22—
1:00 p.m.—Farm and Home Forum:
1:00—Music.
1:15—Views and Reviews.
1:30—The Theatre Page (CKUA-CFCN).
1:40—Music.
2:00—Yuletide Music, Mr. H. G. Turner (CKUA-CFCN).
6:30 p.m.—German Conversational Course.
7:00 p.m.—Symphony Hour.
8:00 p.m.—CKUA Players present a Christmas Play (CKUA-CFCN).

Wednesday, Dec. 23—
1:00 p.m.—Farm and Home Forum:
1:00—Music.
1:15—Animal Science Series (CKUA-CFCN).
1:30—Garden Talk (CKUA-CFCN).
1:40—Music.
2:00—What Nature Can Show Us, Leslie Sara (CFCN-CKUA).
6:30 p.m.—French Conversational Course.
7:00 p.m.—Symphony Hour.
8:00 p.m.—Shakespeare's Art, Dr. S. W. Dyde (CKUA-CFCN).

Thursday, Dec. 24—
1:00 p.m.—Farm and Home Forum:
1:00—Music.
1:15—Cleanings from Here and There, Sheila Marryat (CKUA-CFCN).
1:30—Gateway News Flashes, Dr. Kerby, Phil Battum (CFCN-CKUA).
1:35—Gateway News Flashes, Larry Alexander (CKUA-CFCN).
1:40—Music.
2:00—Book Chat, Jessie F. Montgomery (CKUA-CFCN).
7:00 p.m.—Symphony Hour.
Friday, Dec. 25—
Christmas Day—Silent.

Even where you are sure, seem rather doubtful represent, but do not pronounce; and, if you would convince others, seem open to conviction yourself—Chesterfield.

Life has unfathomable secrets. Human knowledge will be erased from the archives before we possess the last word that the Gnat has to say to us.—Henry Fabre.

Exchange Student Wins Speaking Prize

In a recent public speaking contest, open to women of University College, University of Toronto, Miss Margaret Hess, Alberta exchange student and U. of A. co-ed last year, was declared the winner of first prize—a cash award offered by St. Margaret's Alumnae.

Choosing as her topic, "Sketches of Another Canadian Campus," she compared the undergraduate life of Toronto with that of her own Alma Mater. In contrast to the bawling of women from Toronto Varsity debating and parliamentary clubs, she cited the active part played by co-eds of the Alberta campus in these fields. Miss Hess revealed Alberta's envy of Toronto in her nearness to other universities such as McMaster, McGill, Queen's, and

ENGINEERING STUDENTS CONCLUDE SEASON WITH REGULAR MEETING

Paper Read by Natural Gas Expert

The Friday session of the E.S.S. has brought to a close the first half of the year's program. Following somewhat of a feast due to a small attendance, the usual meeting took place. The first item on the slate was the approving of the report of the Banquet Committee on the annual banquet held last month. The statement showed a surplus, with which the Engineers hope to hold a smoker following the holidays.

attributed the former's lack of international outlook to this fact, stressing the broad system of student exchange of University of Toronto as a further influence in the direction of internationalism.

The president announced that the Engineering papers are required to be in by Jan. 10. This year there are more than half-a-dozen papers expected.

The feature of the afternoon was a paper given by Mr. Hunter, natural gas engineer for Associated Gas Cos., on the "Determination of Gas Reserves." The paper was one of the finest to be heard this season. The technical nature of the paper was appreciated by the students, giving the straight applications of engineering principles to the everyday work in the field. The different gas structures of the North American gas fields were illustrated by lantern slides, which greatly added to the paper.

Going Places

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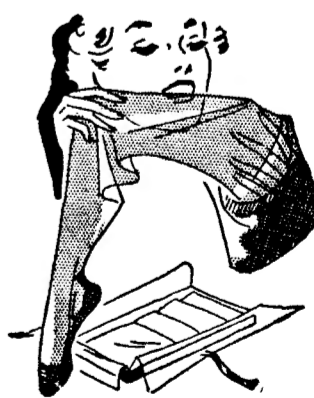
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Christmas Platitude

Christmas is over-advertised and over-rated. Its intangible spirit has become for some people a distinct aroma, for others a niggardly scaling of prices for presents in proportion to the value of the gift expected in return. Santa Claus can be hired at 25 cents an hour. Casual friends implore you to order two dozen of their special line of Christmas cards. The down town stores are hideous. Bloated red cardboard bells dangle over archways, shining snow lies in huddled unconvincing heaps around "just the present," whether it be silk stockings for Her or maroon pajamas for Him. Icicles droop limply from string stretched across the ceiling, and occasionally a bit of tinsel falls to be crushed underfoot in the mad rush of shoppers whose motto is buy early, buy cheap.

Christmas cards are sent five days early by thoughtful acquaintances—to avoid the Christmas rush in the mail? No—to insure that since their card has arrived in time they will receive one from us which they can put up on their mantelpiece with all the other Christmas cards from all their other friends. Christmas cards can be sent in the city by a one-cent stamp if you do not seal the envelope. They come to you like the announcement of the new refrigerator that is flooding the market, or the helpful hints from the Gas company on how to make a cake "to please the particu-

lar man." It does not matter how the gesture is made, the dignity of it. "It's all in the Spirit—we must make as many people happy as we can." Spread your graciousness thin and it will go further; let your light shine, not like a candle, but like a Neon light advertisement, off again, on again! It catches the public eye.

"Ah!" says the reader, "you can't startle us. All this bitterness is merely an effective introduction. You are going to say, 'Granted all this exuberant advertising, this blatant bad taste, still the Spirit of Christmas lingers immortal in the heart of man. Once a year the bells ring out at midnight. Once a year men's hearts are filled afresh with the wonder and glory of a little child born in a manger, with the faith and wisdom of three men who believed and followed a star'."

And you, complacent reader, smile appreciatively at your own perception. This is the gist of every Christmas "thought" for the general public. And in your insufferable smugness you cherish and coddle your lukewarm sentiment.

But how much of the Christmas spirit have you in your heart? How much hushed and holy wonder, how much faith and reverence have you in your lives the other weeks and months of the year?

I put down my pen. Thomas Carlyle must take the blame for this moral diatribe. Steeped in the passionate accusations of the Victorian prophet, I would denounce our own generation.

It is five-thirty; the western sky is tremulous with color—red Christmas color. Delicate little yellow bells are strung along the sky. They are threaded on a violet ribbon. The hills are dark against the horizon. Little flurries of snow drift in through the open window, smudging the inky words on my page. There is a verse somewhere in the Bible, "At evening time it shall be light." Twilight and snow and magic have crept into my heart. The world is in harmony, and I, poor fool, am but a discord!

PAN-HELLENIC ESSAY CONTEST IS ANNOUNCED

Visit to New York for Winner of Third Annual Contest

Announcing its Third Annual Essay Contest, the Panhellenic House Association of New York, once more brings the possibility of a two weeks all-expense visit in New York to some enterprising student.

This contest which is being made known in over 1200 colleges and universities in United States and Canada, is conducted among college undergraduates who are interested in literary achievement and a possible career in a large city. Contestants must make a choice of one of the three following titles: "Does New York Represent the American Scene?" "Is New York a Vital Part of My Culture?" "Is New York a Place to Launch a Career?"

The Panhellenic Association have appointed as judges of the essays a committee composed of noted writers and critics, to give value to the award from the literary standpoint. This committee will judge the essays on the basis of literary value, originality and composition. First prize includes \$100 and a two weeks' visit, with entertainment in New York City as a guest of the association. Second and third prizes include awards of \$25 and \$15 respectively and an all expense stay of one week in the city.

The essays which must be limited to 1,000 words should be sent to the Contest Office of the association at 3 Mitchell Place, New York City, before March 31, 1937.

Manitoba editors declared the strangest sight they saw during their visit here was the library crowded with students who were studying. Apparently they didn't listen in on any of the conversations. — The Sheaf.

EXTENSION DEPARTMENT PERFORMS VALUABLE SERVICE IN PROVINCE

Mrs. Haynes Director Since Grant Made in Fall of 1932

By Gwen Pharis

"Not the theatre for the actor, but the actor for the theatre"

During the past four years the Department of Extension has conducted a service devoted to dramatic activities in the province of Alberta and has developed the nucleus of what may become a centre of theatrical training in the Dominion. This work in the Community Theatre has been made possible by a generous endowment from the Carnegie Foundation to the University of Alberta for a period of five years.

Elizabeth Sterling Haynes was appointed Director of Drama for the Department of Extension in the fall of 1932, when the first grant was received. In that year Mrs. Haynes made sixty-six visits to twenty-four towns in Alberta. Since that time she has lectured and assisted dramatic organizations in more than 125 towns in Alberta and has lectured in the large cities of the Dominion. Her fine talents as director and instructor have received recognition throughout Canada.

Dramatic Schools Started
The first three years of the work under the Carnegie Grant were spent in fostering an interest in community theatre by practical assistance, in discovering the needs of particular localities, in ministering to those needs, and in awakening the people of the province to a realization of the important contribution which drama can make to community life. At the end of three years, indications of a strong interest in drama were evidenced everywhere in Alberta. A certain homogeneity of knowledge and ambition could be seen in the many dramatic groups with which the Department of Extension had contact and it was felt that centralized instruction would have the advantages of reaching more people and of providing the stimulus that planned instruction and discussion can give to people drawn together by a common interest. Accordingly a new experiment in the form of intensive dramatic schools were conducted.

Some of these schools covered a period of one week, others of three days, and schools were centred in Cardston, Okotoks, and Clive in 1936. Plans for similar schools in Red Deer, Lethbridge, Calgary, Stirling and again in Cardston are in progress.

Raise Standards
Throughout the four years the De-

partment of Extension has endeavored to raise the standard of dramatic presentation—both as to selection of the play and its production. "Pygmalion"—Shaw; "A Kiss for Cinderella"—Barrie; "The Romancers"—Rostand; "The Dover Road"—Milne; "Arms and the Man"—Shaw; "One Hundred Years Old"—Quintero; "The Importance of Being Earnest"—Wilde; "What Never Dies"—Percival Wilde; "Ali, the Gobbler"—Shepherd; and "The No Count Boy"—Paul Green, with many others stand out as productions where a good play was presented with insight and imagination, and where the disadvantages of inadequate equipment in towns and rural communities were overcome by ingenious and careful planning. Elizabeth Haynes has done more than any person in the west to wage a battle against the "Aaron Slick of Punkin Crick" non-royalty type of drama. With the exception of the classics, plays without royalty are usually plays without merit, but with the assistance of the Dramatists' Guild, royalties on good plays are very often reduced to meet the purse of the amateur producer.

Foster Play Reading

The Department of Extension is in constant touch with representatives of dramatic groups in Alberta during the winter. In August of each year it has made it possible for teachers, directors and actors to receive intensive training in Theatrical Technique at the Banff School of Fine Arts. The Banff School has attracted students from all parts of the Dominion as well as a few from England, Australia and a number from the United States. The school is so organized that part of the time is spent in lecture periods and part in practical work and rehearsal. A number of eminent directors and teachers have taught at the Banff School—Roy Mitchell of the Department of Drama of New York University, also Jocelyn Taylor and Wallace House of New York University, Professor F. G. C. Wood of the University of British Columbia, Professor Joseph Smith of the University of Utah; Alexander Koiransky who worked with Stanislavski at the Moscow Art Theatre and is Director of Drama at the Cornish School of Arts. Elizabeth Haynes has headed the teaching staff since the beginning, and her understanding of the problems of the community theatres in Canada, her unfailing sympathy and help, and her brilliant abilities as director and instructor have contributed more than anything else to the school's success.

Extension Library Sends Out Plays to 6,000 People Yearly

Theodore Cohen has been a popular instructor at the Banff Summer School since its inception. The large theatrical library of the Department of Extension is taken to Banff and plays, books on the theatre, manuals of voice, stagecraft, direction, etc. are available for the use of the students. This library has proven of great assistance to community directors.

During the winter the Extension Library sends out plays to about 6000 people each year and could send out more if copies of plays were available. There has been a steady increase in the play-reading public of Alberta.

Improve Technique

In reviewing the work accomplished under the Carnegie Trust it is possible to see that much progress in the arts of the theatre have been made in Alberta. That there is yet a great deal to be done is also apparent. It is difficult to convince the average amateur actor of the necessity for complete and arduous training in his craft—his tendency is to leave his performance to inspiration and the grace of God and too often though John Jones may believe he is portraying a role with inspired ease, his lack of technical proficiency, results in his appearance to the audience merely as John Jones in a series of self-conscious and unfortunate postures. Yet here and there about the province there are small groups working consistently and unceasingly to develop plastic voices and bodies because they know that without such voices a violinist with an ill-tuned instrument. And every now and then some Little Theatre—often in a remote community—achieves that high beauty and leaves its audience with that tremendous excitement which is the immortal attribute of great theatre. When that happens we remember that out of a small beginning there rose the mighty theatre of Chekhov and that out of an obscure dramatic group grew the Abbey Players. Perhaps Canada may yet attain a truly national theatre.

Christmas Feature

Student Critique

The recent exhibition here of photographs of famous specimens of Greek sculpture was calculated to inspire curious thoughts in the mind of a layman interested in art, but totally unversed in its technicalities. One has heard that one approaches even the photographers with a certain awe, expecting a revelation of beauty.

The disillusionment is apt to be severe. The beholder receives no impression of beauty. He merely sees an endless series of formalized figures, male and female, draped and undraped, standing up or sitting down. The photographs represent different beings—gods, goddesses, athletes, priestesses—but apart from the name plates there is nothing to tell one from the other. All the female figures are fat, shapeless and smirking; all the male figures are lanky and sorrowful. None of the faces have the slightest sign of a recognizable human expression. They might be so many clothing-store dummies.

There are in addition of course the usual "supreme masterpieces" whose chief distinguishing feature is the fact that the head, the arms or the legs are missing, or perhaps all three. One can only wonder at the audacity with which these smashed and unrecognizable pieces of marble are foisted on the world as works of art.

First Mass Production
An impression of utter hopelessness hangs over the whole exhibit. These sculptures represent the sacred art of a people, yet they give no suggestion of faith or belief of any kind. There is nothing of the mysterious grandeur of the Sphinx, nothing of the simple faith that shines from a medieval missal. The men who made these statues, or images, had an eye for business, and a knowledge of mass production that antedated Henry Ford's. There was, one imagines, a standard Apollo and a standard Venus, no doubt complete with patents and serial numbers, and it is not difficult, viewing the collection, to imagine the days' run of nymphs coming off the conveyer or belt in some Athenian factory.

Why, we wonder, does Greek art continue to occupy a pinnacle in the minds both of scholars and laymen? Is there some hidden beauty, inaccessible to the untrained eye? or was Gustave Fardé, the great student of mob psychology, right when he suggested that the art of the ancient world was without merit in itself, but that it acquired its prestige through the tradition of blind, uncritical admiration that has been established since the Renaissance? Whatever the answer, there is something very funny about the attitude that classifies as art, simply because of its ancient origin, stuff that would be indignantly refused admission to any modern gallery.

Tramways are suffering from the continued mild weather. Be glad you're not a tram car.—The Sheaf.
Engineers from the University of Saskatchewan played a prominent part in the construction of the new Ceepee bridge over the North Saskatchewan which is now open for traffic.—The Sheaf.

Scientific Facts

From Acadia Anthracium

Less than 1-2,000th of an ounce of thyroxine is all that stands between Einstein and imbecility. . . . The American hog is only one-sixth efficient, i.e., it eats up six times as much food as he produces. . . . We haven't yet discovered a perfect diet. . . . It takes a good driver three fourths of a second before he can slam on his brakes, and in that time his car will have travelled, if he is moving at, say 20 mph., about fourteen feet. In addition to this there is the so-called Braking Distance—the distance a car will travel before it comes to a stop—which is about twenty-nine feet more. If he is doing 60, his car is covering 88 feet each second, he travels about four car lengths before he can apply the brakes, and then covers at least eleven more car lengths before his brakes bring him to a stop! If he strikes anything, the impact is the same as if it would be if he drove his car off a 12-storey building. . . . Spiral Nebulae are so far away that it takes their light from 500,000 to 1,000,000 years to reach us. In other words, we are seeing the stars and nebulae not where they are today, but where they were hundreds and thousands of years ago. For all we know some of them might not even exist now. . . . Wheelbarrows are being made of an aluminium alloy and equipped with rubber tires. Capacity of 4½ cu. ft. . . . The highest vertical photograph ever made is an exposure of the Earth taken from the stratosphere balloon Explorer II at a height of over thirteen miles above the ground. This balloon, as you know, rose on Nov. 11, 1935 to the unprecedented height of 14 miles (72,935 ft.) For this achievement, Capt. Anderson and Stevens of the U.S. Army Air Corps won the prized MacKay trophy. . . . "Old Faithful", the geyser at Yellowstone National Park, gives every indication to go on spouting for centuries more. . . . The dull, ignorant Eskimos have been found to have the highest forehead in the world with an average height of 2.81". The North American Indian is next with 2.60". The word highbrow is a misnomer as the height of a forehead does not express or have any relation to the kinds of brains underlying it. . . . There were forty astronomical expeditions studying the solar eclipse of June 19, this summer; of these twenty-eight belonged to the Soviet Union.

In the civic elections last Monday, 2,619 ballots were rejected in Saskatoon and 4,597 in Regina. A picture of the task before democracy.—The Sheaf.

THE YAWN
A form of social recreation commonly indulged in by many students is that exercise of yawning. This facial movement serves the double purpose of stretching and relaxing the muscles, which is conducive to physical comfort; and secondly of expressing oneself clearly and unambiguously, which is an aid to mental content.

The yawn may be classified with respect to physical attributes—size of opening, extent of elasticity of flesh, duration of the phenomenon, and character of associated audible noises. Or it may be categorized according to the motivating influence—fatigue, ennui, or (could it be?) simple boredom. Either method is interesting; the nomenclature involved is unusually fascinating.

Examples of physical peculiarities are innumerable and easily observed. Have you noted the zest with which a freshman appreciates his yawn? And the furtive look in a co-ed's face as she tries to conceal hers? (A practice which leads to unbelievable facial contortions.) But the best of cases to illustrate complete enjoyment of, and satisfaction from, this form of indoor sport, is found in the utter abandon with which a dog yawns.

On the other hand, motivating influences are not so easily discerned. When the student yawns in a lecture, when the audience yawns midway through your debate, when—horror of horrors—she hesitatingly turns aside and shields her mouth with her hand (you being in the heat of an impassioned plea)—when such as this occurs, the only conceivable motive is fatigue. Of a certainty, fatigue. It could not possibly be anything else.

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S.C.M. NOTES

Prospects are bright for a rousing good program of activities after Christmas: visitors and special events will make for a well-balanced lineup.

Visitors include our National Secretary, Beverly Oaten, the McGill Secretary, Neil Morrison, and King Gordon. The latter two are particularly keen in the field of social reconstruction, the former needs no introduction to Albertans.

In addition to the regular study groups short-term group in Psychology and Religion, and "How To Study" (a continuation of this term's group with Dr. Cook) will be announced. We look forward to February which will be devoted to the emphasis of the problems of peace and international relations. The monthly Sunday Services and Firesides will be continued as usual: Mr. Stone, Bishop Sherman, Canon Pierce-Goulding, and Rabbi Eisen are to conduct the former.

Towards the end of January next year's executive is to be elected in order that preliminary work for 1937-38 may get under way early: the annual banquet comes, as usual in March.

Everyone, particularly graduating seniors, is urged to start saving now for Spring Camp. Held for a week immediately after the finals, camp is the climax of the year's activities. If you intend to go, or are thinking of it see some member of the executive early; if last year's interest is any indication attendance will have to be restricted—and the early bird gets the worm!

We wish all our friends at the University
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AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

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POEMS

What Men Like

Among the pleasures particularly man's

Are: mushroom soup in cans;
Old brown shoes well shined;
The laughter hidden in the mind;
Days when everything seems funny;
The return of long-loaned money;
Full appreciation of some art
(Whether hockey or Hokusai);
A bad cold nursed with rock-and-rye;
Perversely hitching the horse behind the cart;
Believing in your soul
The part is greater than the whole.

The fun that people miss
By being prim and priss
(Also the snags they strike
By doing too much what they like);
Morning papers and orange juice
on breakfast tables;
The almost vanished smell of livery stables;

Engines that go by steam
(For pistons and cranks,
Oh, Lord, my thanks);
The curiosities of dream;
An unexpected Valentine;
Hot towels at the barber's,
Tea and bread-and-butter in English parlors;
Falling asleep with a detective story
(one that's both intelligent and gory).

—Christopher Morley.

Once there were things people couldn't talk about, but now they can't talk about anything else. (Toronto Daily Star.)

"Each generation has a different problem. If the rules are not changed fast enough and in the right direction, the game eventually breaks up in a riot."—Henry A. Wallace.

Reflection

I like stupid people,
They tolerate facts,
They miss points of stories
And motives for acts,
Their graces are homespun,
Their instincts are blind,
I like stupid people,
They ease up my mind.
—Ruth Lambert Jones.

LIFE

We learn a little, lose a little
As the years go by.
Gain a little, change a little,
Like the sky.
But we suffer much the same
For pain is ever here.
We weep and laugh a little just the same

For joy is ever near.
Whence we are or whither go
We are suffered not to know,
But we fear a little just the same.
We work a little, play
And say our little say
And soon or late one day
We go for good away

To nothingness from which we came.
But time is just the same.
We strive a little, pray a little
When we feel despair.
We fight a little, love a little,
Have a little care.
But we're acting much the same
As we always did,
And we're thinking much the same
As we always did,

Though we are not always clear
To which port we ought to steer;
Yet I guess we're sailing much the same.

We grow a little, sing
and hope each day will bring
A little better thing.
But time is like a ring
And the bits are pretty much the same
Whatever we may claim. —M.E.G.

Modern Science

From McGill Daily

One of the most interesting reflections induced by this year's automobile show is that technological improvement along standard lines has, it would seem, reached more or less of an ultimate and that whatever improvements come now—and undoubtedly there will be plenty—will be definitely improvement and not change. The problem of a hostile environment is one that the present generation does not have to face in that we at least are attuned to the age, something our fathers and mothers were not. Our reactions should therefore be normal and not followed by the psychological hangovers reminiscent of the last era, and one which is still with us, if the truth be told, in part.

It is a debatable point just how far science can go in revolutionizing our lives, but the point that is

generally not grasped is that this change is along one level and not in different planes as was the case in the past. That is to say, automobiles and radios and movies exist and have existed long enough for us to become accustomed to them. This is the major step. Even television and inventions of a like nature will not be changes but only advancements. We should therefore be able from now on to absorb science and not have it absorb us.

With this realization should come the moderating thought that we have as yet no practical philosophy to suit the machine era. None of our old classical philosophies and none of the standard so-called "pragmatic" philosophies are adaptable. They are all in terms of the present, abstractions. What we need is something romantic and classical, something beautifully neutral.

THE GATEWAY



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MOMENTOUS YEAR CONCLUDES

One of the most momentous years in the history of the world is drawing rapidly to a close. Latest history-making event to climax a year of momentous occasions is the voluntary abdication of King Edward VIII. First King of Britain to abdicate in more than 500 years, Edward reigned for the shortest period of years since the time of Lady Jane Grey, whose reign lasted for only fourteen days. Probably the main and most obvious consequence of the ill-starred reign of Edward VIII is the irreparable damage that has been done to the prestige of the British monarchy in the eyes of the world.

It is conceivable that the unrest in the Empire at the present time, culminating in the abdication of the King may be the symptom of a deeper disease, a disease that has been gnawing at the vitals of the world, especially in the matter of social revolution and change that is bound to come as civilization develops and changes from year to year.

It is doubtful if the solidarity of the British throne has been shaken to such an extent since the middle ages as during the year now closing. Culminating in the death of George V early in the year, Edward VIII assumed the reins of office which he was destined to hold for a period of only slightly over ten months. Now, a new King in the person of George VI ascends the throne making three sovereigns to rule the Empire during 1936. As a direct consequence of the abdication, the Irish Free State has almost definitely broken away from the British Empire.

Elsewhere too have the makers of history been busy. Starting with an uprising in Spain that was at the time regarded as not serious, a civil war that has had world-wide repercussions has narrowed itself down to the siege of Madrid, with the insurgent troops pounding at the walls of the city, while the loyalist defenders of the city are holding desperately to the defences. As to the ultimate outcome of the war, or to the future of the country itself, it too, like the prestige of the British throne has suffered to such an extent that it is doubtful if Spain will regain its once great glory.

On the battlefronts of European diplomacy, rearmament has been the keynote for the year. Germany has finally renounced the last clauses in the Treaty of Versailles and is looking to a future full of expansion and Imperialistic development. "We must have colonies," says Herr Hitler to the world and in particular, to Great Britain. Thus far, Britain's attitude has been far from satisfactory from the standpoint of Nazi Germany. It is likely to prove the same for sometime to come.

The collapse of Ethiopia held the headlines for weeks during the summer, as did Haile Selassie's fruitless appeal to the League of Nations to drive out the "foreign invaders." The Italians are still ensconced in Ethiopia, at least to the eye of the outside observer. Returning newsmen tell a different story, one of death and disease and dirt; privation, suffering and want amongst the Italian soldiers and settlers in that uncivilized country. As the first of a series of projected colonial advances on the part of II Duce, the Ethiopian endeavor can hardly be said to have been highly successful.

And so, the world marches on its way of civilization, marching to what it thinks and hopes will be a better and more livable world, a world where all privation and want will be forever be lacking, where there will be no such things as wars, revolutions and bloody purges. This year, the world does not seem to have gone very far in this quest, but only time will tell.

COMBATting THE DROUGHT

Drought-stricken areas of the west may once again echo to the clatter of the binder and hum of the threshing machine if research work being carried on



By Don Steele

Boss—You should have been here at nine o'clock.
New Employee—Why, what happened?

"Are you a college man?"

"No, a horse just stepped on my hat."

Old Lady—You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?

Modern Boy—No, Ma'am, but I could let you have a cigarette.

First Salesman—You're a salesman too? What do you sell?

Second Salesman—Salt.

First Salesman—I'm a salt seller, too.

Second Salesman—Shake.

"When it comes to drinking, your husband is a three-ring circus."

"Yes, two under his eyes and one on the table."

Mother—Well, son, what have you been doing all afternoon?

Lewis—Shooting craps, mother.

Mother—That must stop. Those little things have as much right to live as you have.

Prof. (gazing over the room during an examination)—Tsk, tsk, will some kind gentleman who isn't using his textbook be so kind as to permit me to have it for a few minutes.

Lady—I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please.

Polite Clerk—Yes, ma'am. White kid?

Lady—Sir!

"Papa, what's a grudge?"

"It's what you keep automobiles in."

Jobs are scarce in China, the same as everywhere else, as this application for a stenographic position attests: Sir—I am Wong. I can drive a typewriter with great noise and my English is great. My last job has left itself from me for the good reason that the large man has dead. It was no fault of mine, so, honorable sir, what about it? If I can be of big use to you I will arrive at some time that you should guess.

"Waiter! There's a piece of steel in this soup."

"Sure! That's from the spring chickens we use."

in the laboratories of the University of Alberta for the purpose of developing a new drought-resisting strain of wheat reaches a successful conclusion.

Simulating the conditions created on a sun-baked, wind-swept prairie, an artificial "drought machine," one of the only kind in the world, has been created for the purpose of studying at close range the actual effects of natural extremes of heat and wind on laboratory samples of grain. From such study, it is hoped, will develop a new strain of wheat suitable for use in the west, especially in the areas which, during the past few years, have been reduced to a veritable desert.

Statistics show that the past eight years of extreme drought in Western Canada cost the government and people of the Dominion about \$1,500,000,000, or close to one-half of the national debt. The current Dominion drought-relief program for the winter and coming spring will cost \$25,000,000. Such figures are staggering, to say the least; figures that are not comprehensible to the average mind.

There is much talk from time to time regarding possible solutions for this problem of national import. Most of it is just talk, nothing more. But amongst this welter of theory is found the occasional practical endeavor to solve this grave situation. Such an endeavor is the attempt on the part of the University of Alberta research workers in the Faculty of Agriculture to combat drought by means of studying the effect of actual drought-conditions on grain, and then by developing new strains to withstand the ravages of nature.

CHRISTMAS—1936

About this time of the year the editorial writers of a newspaper cast about for a suitable means of conveying to its readers that age-old but never time-worn wish, "Merry Christmas." For an editor of a college paper to attempt a long dissertation on Christmas at this time would be nothing short of folly, when writers possessing a considerable degree greater intelligence than does a mere editor have been doing so for close to two thousand years.

To most of the students in the University, Christmas means a welcome respite from the hours of study and drudgery of attending lectures, and in many cases a return to their respective homes throughout the west. It conjures up visions of snow, holly and mistletoe, plum pudding and good fellowship everywhere. It is a season of joy, happiness and relaxation at the end of a year that has been fraught with honest endeavor, hard labor, and healthy enjoyments; a year that has seen success and failure, joy and sorrow.

So may we on The Gateway add our sincere wish to all those gone before that its readers will enjoy a Merry Christmas and a New Year which will see the fulfillment of all hopes and desires.

A ROUND THE CLOCK

By OLD TIMER

CHRISTMAS, with its customary trappings, frantic scurrings around in an effort to pick up that last minute present, and a seemingly boundless spirit of goodwill and fellowship has once more swooped down on the campus, leaving most of the undergraduates in a bewildered state of mind approachable only along about final examination time. Bewildered because the first half of that seemingly endless college year has passed into history, and the final stretch drive is about to start towards the inevitable month of May and Convocation.

DESPITE changes in the government, abdication of the king, rumors of war, suffering and death, Christmas comes once a year, and for the space of a few brief days the whole world drops its worries and cares to unite into a universal brotherhood of joy and carefree happiness. However, when writers for centuries have attempted to extol the virtues of the Yuletide season, and have done it ever so much better than we have attempted to do, it is high time that we devote our energies to other considerations.

ONE of the most interesting experiments in modern-day conferences between nations is the Pan-American conference that recently concluded in Buenos Aires, capital of Argentina. Amid a friendly atmosphere, representatives of the United States of America met with representatives of the respective governments of the Latin-American republics for the purpose of discussing affairs of importance to the welfare of the western hemisphere. While Canada was not represented by an official delegation at the meet, Canadian interests were as much at stake at the gathering as had this country been represented.

College Bulls

Reprinted from Daily Texan

They come, those times in the life of every student when his pipe goes sour, his mind goes dull, when he becomes disgusted with everything he has to eat, his studies and himself—times when he feels that the world is down upon him and his prospects for the future are worth less than nothing.

When that time comes on you, don't sit back in seclusion and let your mind rot with your own thoughts. Pitch that dry text in a corner somewhere out of the way, round up a couple of cronies, or three, and enter into a real, old-fashioned bull session.

Lay your feet upon the table alongside of theirs. This always makes for closer companionship. Throw open your shirt collar; loosen your belt. Haul out a sack of pecans, if you lack for more stimulating refreshments. Anything to lessen the tension.

Then, when everything is ready, let off that compressed steam. If you don't like the way the world is being run, tell them about it, explain why, and what you'd do to relieve the situation. You'll be surprised at the new slant you get on things while you're trying to make clear to the others what you're thinking. By the time you're through, you won't believe half of what you've said, yourself.

And nine times out of ten your companions will pick the rest of your argument to pieces. They'll show you flaws in them so obvious that you'll begin to wonder at your own powers of reasoning, and realize how utterly stale you had grown.

Or, if by chance, they do agree with you on a point here and there, their contributions, from a fresh angle, will strengthen your own convictions, give you a new perspective. But whether the owners of the feet on the table beside yours stand with or against you, even if the whole bull session lends itself to nothing more than a mere "swapping of lies," the outcome is always the same. You feel relieved. Latent interests have been aroused. Trifles won't bother you any more than trifles should. In fact, you'll just feel a whole lot better all the way around.

Where Is Canada?

Reprinted from Saskatchewan Sheaf

Within a few days there will assemble at Buenos Aires a Pan American Peace Conference which is likely to represent one of the historic meetings of North American powers. In view of the mess into which Europe is heading, it is to be expected that consideration will be given at the conference to the relation of the Americas to European affairs. Faced with few of the problems which overwhelm round tables of European diplomats, the conference should have no difficulty in strengthening peaceful relations between the North and South American powers, and laying the basis for co-operation.

The United States and Argentina will assume the major roles at the assembly, with the U.S.A. casting the biggest shadow. It is rumored that President Roosevelt will attend and his presence alone would give the United States the centre of the spotlight.

All nations will watch the conference closely. Any extension of the United States isolationist policy into South America and the U.S. attitude towards the League of Nations will have important results. Argentina has been worried over Great Britain's economic ties with the Empire in the form of preferential treatment and has tended to develop closer relations with the United States. Everything seems to point to the accomplishment of an understanding at the Pan American Conference.

Canada's geographic and economic proximity to the United States and

South America make this country one of the American family. Where will Canada be at the Pan American Conference? If anywhere, on the sidelines and with no official voice.

The initiative as to attendance was left to Canada. No official invitation was extended but had Canadian statesmen wished to have this country represented it could have been accomplished.

For many generations, Canadians, as we are now proud to call ourselves, have rested comfortably in the arm chair of the British Empire and used the United States as a footstool. We have refused consistently to do our own thinking and have followed blissfully the course of least resistance in foreign affairs. Canada stands at the crossroads today. The tragedy is that we still avoid the issues. With definite choices before us, we neither reaffirm nor renounce our allegiance under all circumstances to the British Empire. We continue to remain cowards and blunders and to drift willy-nilly, hoping that in some way we will avoid the rocks. We should at least wake up to the fact that a decision of some kind is inevitable and that, if we lack the initiative to choose our own course, other nations will shape it for us.

The absence of Canada at the Pan American Conference appears to be another example of this lack of policy. It was a simple matter to postpone the considerations which such a conference would imply. So that is what we did.

FROM HERE AND THERE—OR HITHER AND THITHER

The test of a good letter is a very simple one. If one seems to hear the person talking as one reads, it is a good letter. A. C. BENSON.

When they kiss and make up, she gets the kiss and he gets the make-up. GEORGE STORM.

A judge who was asked to ban a book ruled that it was not obscene. The author is expected to appeal. PUNCH

The first law of reporter—better never than late. LIBERTY

"I visit my friends occasionally," remarked the book-lover, "just to look over my library." LIBERTY

"If I've said anything for which I'm sorry, I'm glad of it."—Eddie Cantor.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.—Samuel Johnson.

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WHAT'S IN YOUR HAND?

The Thumb

In reading hands always look at the thumb first. In general, the longer and larger the thumb in proportion to the rest of the fingers, the greater the mentality and force. The ideal thumb reaches to about the middle joint of the first finger. Nine times out of ten, a person with a short, poorly developed thumb

will have a weak chin too.

The man with very flexible thumbs—those that bend far back—with an extravagant stretch between the thumb and fingers is affable, easily adapting himself to high or low surroundings. The successful politician has this type of thumb. So has the delightful dinner guest. A woman with this type of thumb is likely to start a dress with great enthusiasm and call in a dressmaker to finish it. She is forever telling her friends that she is going to study French or cooking, or take up tap dancing. She is at her best in a place where a "good mixer" is required.

The Fingers

In general long fingers are better able to cope with details, short fingers grow impatient over them. If your hand is short with a long first finger, then you will make plans for the other fellow to execute. Long fingers with square tips invariably belong to persons who demand a reason for everything, such as lawyers and accountants. It is a sign that this possessor is good at figures. If you are a man and dislike the type of woman who follows you around picking up papers, straightening books and window-shades, and who at first hint of rain presses umbrella and rubbers upon you, don't pick a wife whose longish fingers have the joints nearest the palms prominently developed. She easily develops into a nagger.

If you are a girl and object to the sort of man who leaves his

closet door and bureau drawers open, wet towels on the bathroom floor, and a general trail of disorder behind him, look for a husband whose fingers have slightly knobby middle joints. He will be the soul of order.

A man or woman with a high mount of Venus (Cushion beneath the thumb) and extremely short broad nails to which the flesh seems to cling tightly is likely to be jealous and highly critical. If you are impulsive and inclined to be unconventional, better not marry this type. The ideal combination for a good bridge player is a third finger longer than the first and a good head-line. It indicates genius for knowing when to plunge, backed by sound judgment. People who are lucky at games of chance nearly always have a long third finger.

The Heart Line

The heart line usually rises in the mount or cushion beneath the first or second fingers and extends to the opposite edge of the palm. If it stars beneath your first finger you are inclined to be sentimental; if closer, the second finger or directly beneath it, your emotions tend to centre on the opposite sex. A woman with a heart line that begins under the first finger and who has a long second finger denoting a serious turn of mind; will make a better mother than wife. Only a strong mount of Venus will offset her natural tendency to neglect her husband for her children.

The Cocktail

Have you noticed that the draughty breezes that used to drift around the University have stopped. (No, we don't mean the ones that have been causing all the colds.) Well, that's because there is no longer any reason for the gusty sighs of the hockey enthusiasts and lovers of the cold steel blade (sounds fierce, doesn't it) to agitate the atmosphere. The Varsity rink has been officially opened; so at last, winter is officially here. We have seen some skiers too, making tracks

for sport, while some of us await a heavy fall of snow. We like the bony ridges of the hills well covered.

Monologue

I hope Santa Claus sends him a long, long holiday. He must need it. Isn't it too bad! Such an affliction!—Whose affliction, you say? Why, whose do you think! Think of it! Spending hours a day, second after second, minute after minute, hour after hour in such a monotonous way! Just think of it, of the mental strain—not his, of course—of the physical strain, on the chair. I mean! You'd think it would drive him crazy; only it can't, of course; that would mean he would have to stay still, just as he is, you know, and that's just impossible for him!—Oh, you know, the one that kicks at the back of your chair all the time!

The following letter was found in a certain student's room several days ago. As it does not purport to be the "Great Canadian Novel" it was not discovered in the waste paper basket but in the fire place, which you may remember is the post box for all letters addressed to the mythical merry spirit of this time of year. It was late however and had missed so don't blame us if your letter wasn't answered. It was addressed to the north pole anyway and Santa isn't there. He made a parachute jump in Pennsylvania the other day and broke his leg.

Dear Sir: Knowing that you are always very busy on the evening of the twenty-fourth and wishing to relieve the Christmas rush, we would be pleased to receive the following gifts early, in fact as soon as possible:

A little extra time.

The smallest box of exams you have in stock (no hard centres, please).

1 good memory complete with facts.

1 telepathy set which will operate at distances of several hundred feet, e.g., from text book to exam room.

This Christmas cheer would be appreciated immediately.

Yours, in desperation, Albert.

P.S. After Christmas when you are not so busy please send a full set of good marks. A.

We wish you the Season's Meetings, a hurry, hurry Christmas, and a peppy New Year—Or is the Cocktail properly mixed!

Little Lost Pup

He was lost!—not a shade of doubt of that;

For he never barked at a slinking cat,

But stood in the square where the wind blew raw

With a drooping ear and a trembling paw,

And a mournful look in his pleading eye

And a plaintive sniff at the passer by

That begged as plain as a tongue say,

"Oh Mister! please may I follow you?"

A lorn wee waif of a tawny brown Adrift in the roar of a heedless town,

Oh, the saddest of sights in a world of sin

Is a little lost pup with his tail tucked in!

Now he shares my board and he owns my bed

And he fairly shouts when he hears

my tread;

Then, if things go wrong as they sometimes do

And the world is cold and I'm feeling blue,

He asserts his right to assuage my woes

With a warm, red tongue and a nice, cold nose

And a silky head on my arm or knee

And a paw as soft as a paw can be.

When we rove the woods for a league about

He's as full of pranks as a school let out;

For he romps and frisks like a three months' colt,

And he runs me down like a thunderbolt.

Oh, the blindest of sights in a world so fair

Is a gay little pup with his tail in the air.

—Excerpt from "Death and General Putman". Arthur Guiterman.

Euphemia Replies To Her Elmer

Backwater-on-Slough, Balta, Dec. 9.

Mr. Elmer Hogg, University of Balta, Edmuntown.

Elmer Dear: I hope you don't mind me opening that way. Ma said I should just say "Dear Elmer" because she thought "Elmer dear" was sort of scandalous. I told her she was old-fashioned and that now-a-days you had to be kind of forward and speak right out like that if you wanted a keep up with the boys and not be a wall-flower at the socials.

I was to see your folks the other day. I took over six pies and three or four chickens. Your ma certainly appreciated it. She told me not to tell you but she's having a pretty bad time because your pa is laid up by a kick from old Nero, and the baby is teething now. Your sister is working out at the Gullions because her chickens quit laying and so she hasn't any egg money, which isn't so good. You're ma is a very fine woman. She's the only one around these parts that I wouldn't mind having for a mother-in-law.

I guess you'll be learning a lot now. Next time we go into town I'm going to buy a book to read so when you come home we can talk about the same things. I already know "How To Make Hog Raising Profitable" and "The Proper Feeding of Layers" off by heart.

I read the Doorway and enjoyed it very much, but, however, Elmer I think you are letting your mind be dragged down from its usual high ideals. Both Ma and I think that the boy who writes Jabber must be

sort of tough. Remember what Reverend Chivers said about shallow-hearted scoffers who are jealous of the heavenly mansions which await those who believe. I hope you do not know this boy but if you do treat him with scorn. I liked the ones called Mademoiselle and Cock-a-doodle-doo best. I wish you would read things like that instead of Jabber. If that girl who writes about fashions ever runs out of ideas you can tell her that the latest thing in Backwater-in-Slough is pajamas for girls. Ma and Pa think it's awful but I don't because I'm tired of those flannellette nightgowns. I got a pair of orange and pink ones when we were in town last month and Ma nearly blew up. She threatened to tell Reverend Chivers, but I knew she wouldn't because she'd be too embarrassed. Aren't old folks a scream?

I thought you might like to know about Leo Slovski. He comes around every day and takes me home from church on Sundays, but I'm really not very nice to him. However, I did make some fudge for him on Sunday. That was the night he told me I looked like Mrs. Simpson—I suppose you've heard of her. Well, I didn't know whether to slap his face or give him another piece of fudge. Finally I gave him the fudge. Did I do right, Elmer? If not tell me so in your next letter, which I hope will be soon.

Yours truly, Euphemia Priggot. P.S. I wish you wouldn't call me Phemie. It burns me up. P.P.S. I like you best.

Euphemia.

SMAx SMAx

I have often wondered why examinations were given before the Christmas holidays. I have come to several conclusions, such as the following. They are not put in order of importance:

1. To increase the student's joy of going home. A sort of teasing anticipation.

2. To prevent and suppress any extra curricular activities or enjoyment for a period of time before Christmas, so as to make Christmas all the merrier, or so that the student will make it all the merrier.

3. To allow the student a chance of testing his cramming abilities and realizing his negligence in diligently pursuing his studies since the beginning of the fall term; picking out his pet falls and being able to wake up New Year's morning with a clear conscience and a good page of New

Year's resolutions.

4. To decrease the C.O.D.'s (call on dad) so that he'll have enough to send you to get home on and make life miserable for the family with your new theories on the Spanish situation and women.

As a willful reminder of our Christmas examinations look at this—find the keyword.

Cramming	Encumbering
Humiliating	Xmas tests
Repugnant	Agonizing
Insolent	Menacing
Slavery	Indescribable
Troublesome	Numerous
Misplaced	Tollsone
Arduous	Inquisitive
Sleeplessness	Overburdening
	Nerves
	Suicide

POETRY

Ye drabs and Wastrels, near and far,
Who pay propriety sore toll,
Our tavern portal hangs ajar
Our spits turn blithely o'er the coal.
Ho tippers! Loud your catches troll,
Ho, diners! Bravely crack your jest;
He loves good laughter, stout and whole
Who comes, each Yule, to be our Guest.

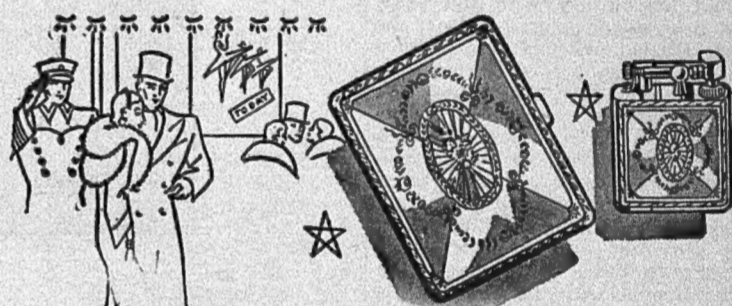
—Fred Van Water.

There's one poet whose name I love:
Fredegond Shovel! Fredegond Shovel!
Is he masculine? Is he feminine?
Drings straight gin? Or Scotch with lemon in?

Does he write in a mood piacular?
Is she highbrow? or vernacular?
How does it sell or is it unsalable?
But Stevenson says (it ought to be jailable)

No biographical data available.

—Anon.



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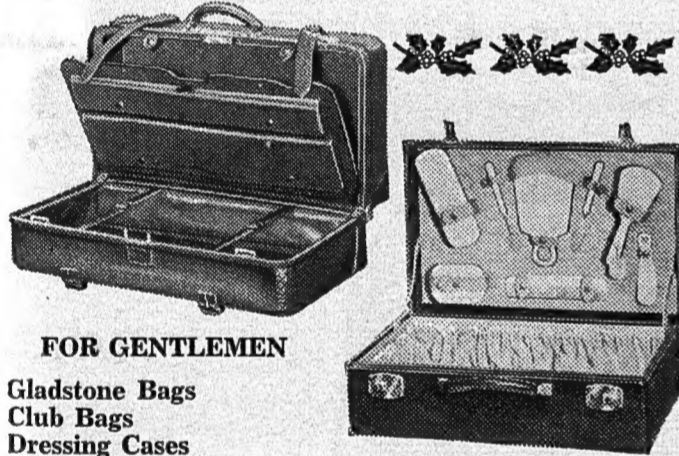
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Madame

Girls, my heart bleeds, my soul cringes, my head aches, I get feeling more pathetically helpless; more nastily like a dead jelly fish every minute. More and more I regret the day of my nativity, and I know you all are feeling likewise or possibly worse. Time speeds on apace, and womanhood's greatest problem blooms. In comparison Christmas exams are so much bird-seed.

In other words I can't imagine what he, the all important male, would like. Yes, he's dark and handsome, and weighs between 150 lbs. and 200 lbs., but that is a minor detail and doesn't help at all.

Of course I know what not to buy him, that field has been covered very nicely in all the latest "Hints to Xmas Shoppers."

For instance, don't buy him socks, ties, pajamas or anything along that line. He knows and you know that he won't wear them after the first day.

Don't attempt to give a pipe-smoker a new pipe, this is pure etiquette, he may take it as a gentle hint and give up his favorite pastime. Although I doubt it, but don't say I didn't warn you.

So we really are up against a barn wall aren't we? We certainly are. However here are a few suggestions. Cigarettes of his own particular brand are always appreciated, or a cute pair of ear-muffs of his very own, special color.

What will you give her? you ask. Oh well, that's easy, just look in any magazine and you see pages and pages of what she would just love to have.

For instance, if she's the cute little doll type, get her some expensive perfume and a box of chocolates, and be in her favor for ever so long. Anyway for Xmas day. If she's glamorous, she'll paint her nails red, and what more need I say.

Don't give soap even if it is scented, she'll look upon you with suspicion and you'll regret.

There you are, pets. Take your pick or don't pay any attention, as you wish. Just one more thing which is intended to cheer, disperse gloom and do good—generally—any old thing will probably be simply perfect in his or her eyes, just because you're you.

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MASTER CLOCKS CONTROL LIVES OF ALL STUDENTS

Many Clocks to Be Found On Campus

By Bob McCullough

Is there any group of people so time-conscious as students? Dashing through the halls between classes, clocks staring down from every strategic position, bells sounding a warning that valuable minutes are passing, the time harrassed student is never beyond the reach of the inevitable hour-crusher.

Students have gradually accepted the situation and various graduating classes of the past have presented valuable time-markers to the University. As early as 1925 a graduating class presented a Seth Thomas thirty-day clock that for many years hung at the entrance of Convocation Hall and at present adorns the balcony just over the door in Con. Hall. 1930 seems to be the next year that time received prominence, the graduating class gave the University the sun-dial that is fixed to the south wall of the Arts Building over the inscription, "I Count only the Sunny Hours". Again the following year time came to the fore when the departing students presented the library with the clock that now stands over the door; the clock that is privileged to look down on the brow-furrowed occupants and see students at their best.

But strangely enough, the most-used object within these halls of learning is a clock to which time means nothing; that double faced electric clock that hangs in the rotunda of the Arts Building which was presented by the Class of '34, whose two faces never agree with each other or with the bells—yes, a two faced clock.

Hidden away from most of the student eyes in the power-house is the most interesting clock on the campus, the master-clock that controls the time and the bells of the University. An electric clock run from wet-cell batteries that are automatically charged ten minutes in every hour, this master time piece was found to have varied only nineteen seconds over a period of four months but is regularly checked every evening by the C.R.C. time signal. Attached to this is the device that controls the bells, a perforated ribbon makes and breaks an electrical circuit to ring the bells at the proper time.

Scattered through the Medical

COLD CRYSTAL BEAUTY OF WINTER HIDES STARK CRUELTY OF NATURE



By P.M.J.B.

THIS is a lesson in the tragic beauty of nature. It is my purpose to show the dark, brooding forces behind Mother Nature's smiling exterior. If you are afraid of the sterner facts of life, if you are a dilettante dancing gayly on the bright surface of life, turn back while yet there is time. But if you

Building and the labs. are more clocks, nearly every student has his own personal time and even in Tuck it is prominently displayed. Students may quite truthfully say, "Time is our only god, and the clocks are its prophet".

are made of sterner stuff, if you would anneal your soul in the fires of reality, proceed with a stout heart and beware of pickpockets.

Of course, the bourgeoisie would rave about the lovely fluffiness of the snow and the delicate tracery of the snow-covered twigs in this picture, but we have higher ends. If you look closely at the mass of snow at the top of the central tree, you should at once see that it resembles the head of a snake about to strike. The uninitiated might say that it looks more like the head of a rather sheepish puppy, but that would spoil my effect. Anyone who had had a load of snow down his

neck will catch the brooding significance of those heavily laden branches.

By now you should be really getting into the spirit of the thing, and if so you should at once recognize the tallest tree of the Spirit of Winter, drawing a ragged white Hudson's Bay blanket about her wrinkled old hide.

The discerning eye will shudder at the dark place at the extreme right. For that marks the spot where an innocent little patridge has burrowed beneath the snow to escape the icy winds; and we all know that the slushy snow is going to freeze, and the poor little darling

will starve to death beneath the flinty crust. If you see a paradox in that last sentence—pat yourself on the back.

Of course not all the beasties of the wildwood are going to be starved to death beneath the snow crust. But there is more to come. You must have noticed something unusual about that sky—yes, it is grey—a dull monotonous grey. Anybody can see that, but only those in tune with nature can see that is lowering. Ah, now you catch your breath. Yes, the hand of fate has appeared. The tragic muse has taken his place in the prompter's box, a silence falls on the house. . .

But I will spare you the details. By thus withholding from your gentle ears the gruesome facts of this calamity, I not only show my sympathetic nature, but I get myself out of a very difficult situation.

But why go on? Enough has been said to show that nature is not the kind mother we thought her, but a cruel old witch. Only waiting her chance to strike. If you have any sensibilities at all, you will have been turned from your pursuit of pleasure to a contemplation of the stark realities of life. If you never again look at a sparkling snow-clad scene without revulsion, I will be glad—so there!

STUDENT PAPER FROM ALBERTA TRAVELS GLOBE

Gateway Sent to Every Large University in World

By M.R. and K.M.

Next time you are in Hong Kong do not neglect to visit its University. In the Periodical Department of its extremely well equipped library you will find—The Gateway! Or if later you happen to be "down under" and you would like to get some of that Christmassy atmosphere of the wintry North, drop into the offices of Honi Solt, the student newspaper in the University of Southern Australia, and read the Christmas issue of the Gateway. Another far off land that received editions of our student paper is South Africa, where The University of Cape Town is a regular subscriber.

The majority of the important universities in the British Empire and in Great Britain itself get copies of the Gateway regularly. Several important press-clipping bureaus, like Suee's are on the Gateway's mailing list.

Government representatives such as Trade Commissioners and Publicity agents in foreign countries receive complimentary copies of our paper and we have exchange facilities with practically every American university.

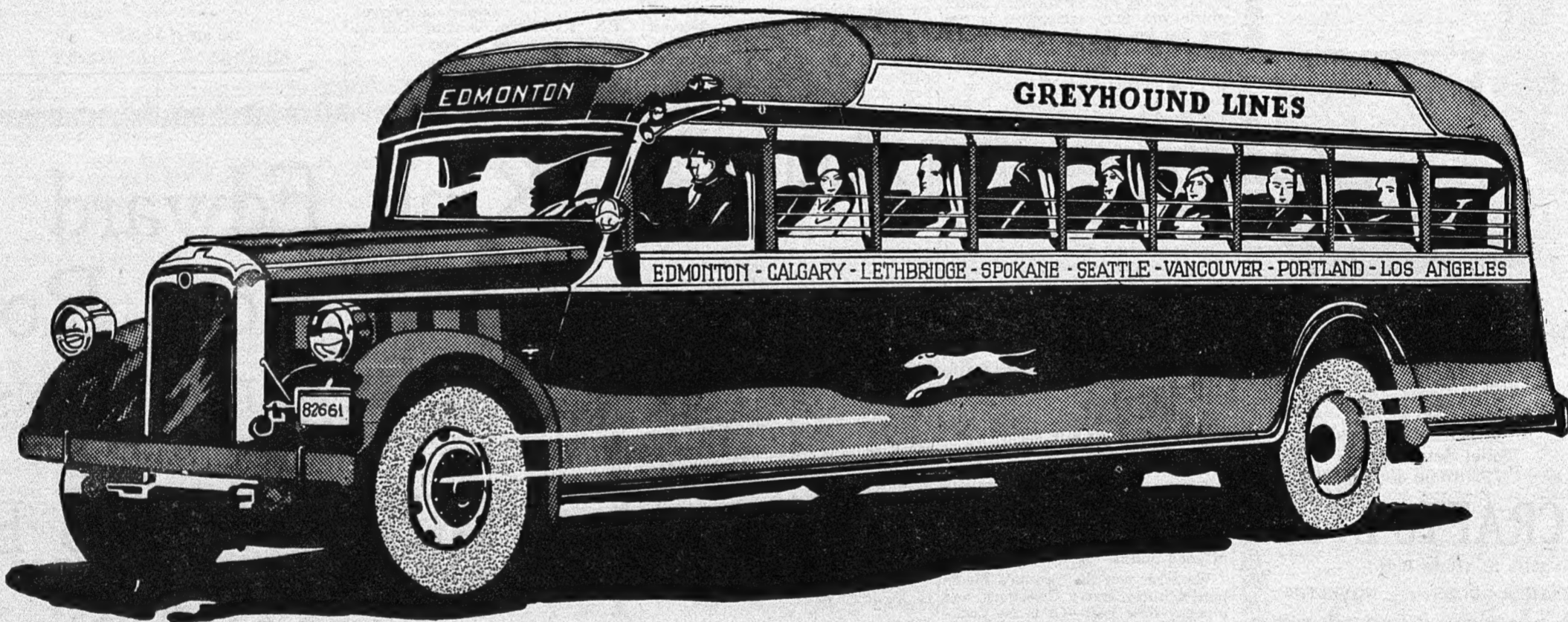
Just recently the circulation department got a letter from Polski Akdemicki Zwiasek, Zblizenia Mudzynarodowego, "Ligo", Warsaw, Poland, Trebacka 4m 11 (which translated into English means the University of Liga in Warsaw, Poland) requesting that exchange copies of our far famed newspaper be sent to them. The letter was in French which was translated with some difficulty by the linguists of the Gateway staff.

The Gateway has an outside circulation of approximately 300 papers, which are distributed twice a week to these far flung places, as well as to points closer to home.

Happy is the man who has been able to learn the causes of created things, and has put under his feet all fears and unyielding fate, and has heeded not the noise of Death's devouring stream.—Virgil.

The trouble with public opinion is that most of it is expressed privately.

A gentleman is one who thinks more of other people's feelings than of his own rights; and more of other people's rights than his own feelings. (Mathew Henry Buckham, former president of University of Wisconsin.)



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RED RAIN

(A true Story).

Those who set sail for the first time upon the troubled waters of matrimony have always been a source of interest, and sometimes merriment, and much ribald humor is based upon this neophytic state. This is, perhaps, natural; the husband's energies are absorbed in self-adaptation to a Jekyll and Hyde existence, whilst the wife is learning for the first time in her life to modify love with obey. Such difficult psychological transitions create a prolific breeding ground for rude satire. With these few words of apology and self-justification, I shall relate how the best contemplations of a husband culminated in a disaster, material disaster.

It began in the bathroom; he and his wife had acquired one of those modern monstrosities, aptly termed a flat; this one was small, spotless, with glistening woodwork and undecorated walls, with naked-looking nickel furniture and a smell of paint pervading every room.

But the gentleman responsible for this edifice had, either through negligence or a perverted sense of humor, misjudged the opacity of the bathroom window, an imperfection greatly disconcerting to the inhabitants thereof.

One Saturday afternoon, the husband decided that this conspicuousness must cease. Searching through that invaluable vade mecum "A Husband's Hints to Housekeeping," he found:

To Frost a Window:

Make 1 lb. of Epsom Salts into a thick paste with water. Add 1 teaspoonful of cochineal (or any other coloring matter desired). Stir well, and apply by dabbing the pane with a soft brush.

These instructions presented no obstacle to a man of his talents. With infinite care and mess he succeeded in creating an exquisite master-stroke, a frosted window, scarlet, scintillating, translucent, and emanating from it a comfortable perception of security.

For two days and two nights the seclusion of that bathroom was sustained, and man tarried there and splashed and sponged, and sang gaily. But it was summer, a summer borne upon the wings of the blowfly, which, not being differently constituted from any other blowfly,

HOWARD KESLER BECOMES ALLY OF DAN CUPID

"Two Can Live as Cheaply as One" Association

Howard Kesler, formerly of Alberta, has allied himself with Dan Cupid on the University of Oregon campus sponsoring the "Two Can Live as Cheaply as One" association. The object of this association is to prove to students attending university that marital bliss is as plausible in Varsity life as anywhere else. Over a hundred students have already become members of this organization.

"Before I was married," said Kesler, "My girl and I started a scrap book of clippings, articles and other matters tending to show how to be happy though married. After we married a few weeks ago, it came to me that now was an excellent opportunity to iron out the much publicized early marriage difficulties and learn how to live together in a truly harmonious fashion."

"Then I thought that if we tried that way not others too. The idea of an organization of young married students, banded together for the purpose of social, economic and cultural advancement naturally followed."

flew upon the windows and the window, the latter being most popular, for here they devoured that delectable frost.

Now these creatures of the summer air were organic, and the delectable frost almost ninety-nine per cent inorganic and reminiscent of the renowned waters of Epsom. So hastily rising upon their little wings they sped to the far away corners of the house, to the virgin ceiling, the grey and buff walls, to the white-topped tables and the alabaster Adam.

In that unsullied house the frost thus transmuted produced that rare phenomenon, red rain.

—BARTHOLOMEW FASCH. To Geetees.

World Affairs Moving Rapidly In Momentous Year Concluding

Abdication of King Edward VIII Climax of International Kaleidoscope

ETHIOPIA COLLAPSES

By Lawrence Alexander

Nineteen thirty-six has been a year which will give believers in world peace and democratic government little cause for pleasure. Crisis has succeeded crisis with almost monotonous regularity. Taking the world situation as a whole, perhaps the most interesting thing to the casual observer is that several serious crises, which thirty years ago might have started a war, seem to have led to little more than a little intensification of international unpleasantness. It seems unlikely that this is because nations have renounced war as an "instrument of international policy." The more likely explanation is that just at the moment no nation can be entirely certain just where it would stand in the event of a declaration of war.

Within the last ten days all other events have been crowded out of the newspapers, throughout the Empire and in the United States at least, by the crisis in Britain. This situation is so recent that it is absolutely impossible to get the long range view of it which is so essential in forming any really satisfactory conclusion. The even has been unfortunate in more than one sense. While the enthusiasm with which the Empire is reported to have received the accession of George VI to the throne speaks a great deal for the hold which the tradition of the Crown has upon the people, there can be little doubt that the whole affair has seriously weakened the British monarchy. Last week's session of parliament witnessed the introduction of a bill for the establishment of a Republic in Britain. The bill was defeated by an overwhelming majority, but the fact that it was introduced at all and that it received considerable discussion, is significant. Undoubtedly, too, a serious blow has been struck at constitutional government in Britain. Edward VIII may very probably have averted a serious immediate crisis by his abdication yesterday. The ultimate effects of the affair may not be felt for year.

Doubts Concerning Baldwin
While the press in England and in many parts of the Empire hails Baldwin as one of England's greatest statesmen, many people entertain doubts. There is a feeling in many quarters that the whole affair might have been handled much more successfully than it has been. As one paper puts it, "the prestige of the monarchy has received a worse shock through the action of the government than it could have received from any other handling of the situation." Rumor has it that Edward VIII, always outspoken concerning the conditions of the British workers, was not overly popular with the government of the

country. He was regarded by vast numbers of the British working class as a personal friend. Things are quiet in England now. The fear of trouble which caused orders to be issued for the mobilization of all London's special police reserves when Edward's abdication was announced, seem to have proved groundless. It is to be hoped that this is not simply the calm before the storm.

The most discreditable role in the whole affair has been played by certain sections of the church, especially since the actual abdication. It seems strange that a number of church dignitaries should have waited until Edward VIII should have abdicated before making references to his private life, which they made a few days ago. Their action is far too nearly like that of kicking a man after he is down. Nothing can be served by such a course of action. It will cast little credit upon these men when the whole affair comes to be summed up.

Political Situation Worse
The political situation in Europe has become worse rather than better as the year has progressed, although the trend of European politics is probably much clearer than it was a year ago. The recent German-Italian-Japanese pact against Communism has at last drawn a rather sharp alignment in affairs, not only in Europe, but indeed throughout the world. It may have brought the "next war" another year closer by this classification. Just exactly what would be the alignment of powers in such a war is not yet quite clear. When it comes so, the war will probably commence shortly afterwards. It seems certain at least that Italy, Germany and Japan will be on one side, and Russia on the other. How other countries would be affected is not yet clear. As things at present stand France would undoubtedly be counted upon to support Russia, though the internal condition of France is today such her support might not count for a great deal. Few people have attempted to estimate what Britain's position would be. It seems possible that pressure from the Dominions might force Britain to attempt to maintain a position of neutrality, although in recent events the Dominions have shown themselves to possess so little individual initiative that they might actually have little effect. It can probably be said with complete assurance that the United States would make every possible effort to avoid becoming involved in a war.

Spanish War Situation
Another European event which has served to clarify the background against which the struggle is being waged, is the Spanish civil war. In July the newspapers carried brief reports to the effect that there had been an uprising in Spain. At that time probably few people realized the seriousness of the situation. As

Results of Year Will Only Be Seen by Passing of Time

VERSAILLES TREATY SHATTERED

the weeks passed and the struggle increased in intensity it became apparent that powerful forces were at work. In the light of present international war, one just as international it would seem that a treaty in many ways as the Great War, is being fought in Spain today. Denied at first, more or less hidden later on, German and Italian aid to the rebel forces now seems to be an established fact. It also seems probable that the Spanish government is receiving aid from Russia. The formal announcement from Berlin and Rome that the German and Italian governments would officially recognize General Franco's rebels as the government of Spain seems to have been a little premature. The Spanish government forces, beaten back upon Madrid, have put up resistance such as had been thought impossible. The siege of Madrid will probably merit a foremost place in histories of the world's wars. It seems unlikely, no matter which side wins, that the results can possibly be satisfactory. The democratic government which governed Spain prior to the revolution was forced at the outbreak of the revolt to turn to anarchists and communists for support. Today these latter have the upper hand. Liberal democratic government in Spain seems doomed, no matter which side gains the eventual victory.

Collapse of Collective Security
The year which is almost over witnessed the final collapse of the idea of "collective security" in Europe. Or rather, it saw the disappearance of the ghost of "collective security" which had been sadly haunting the halls of Europe's capitols, a wistful wraith of what might have been. Whatever remnants of prestige the League of Nations may have retained after the Ethiopian fiasco of last year, completely vanished during the session held early this summer, at which Emperor Haile Selassie made a last appeal to the League for its support in halting Italy. Regarding the conquest of Ethiopia as a "fait accompli," the League turned a deaf ear on Selassie's pleas. Only one or two of the little nations, which carry little weight anyway in that august body, voted for Selassie. The rest more or less politely told him it was too bad, but really he was wasting his time and theirs, and they wished him a very good afternoon. The unpleasant scenes which were enacted in the League chambers during this historic session will be to the eternal discredit of this body.

(Continued on Page 14)

try girls much better anyway than sophisticated city ones.

You said also that you had been talking with some girls who are taking Household Economics, and you would like me to come up to the University and take that course. Well, I think they are probably the worst of the lot because they come from families where they have not learned how to cook, etc., as a matter of course. They are probably the idle rich who just take up bed-making and so on so that they can go to the University and have a good time with the other "fast" girls. There is only one course which I would like to take there, and that is called Textiles in the calendar because I imagine it might be useful when I was making a dress.

Well, in about a month I guess you will be home for the holidays, and we can see each other again after all these weeks. I cannot tell you how I have missed you. I have only gone out with Leo Slavski four or five times, and I think you might have something better to do than to worry about who I am going out with and show your jealousy so clearly when you are rushing around with all sorts of House Ecers and people like Clara Moor. I even heard from your mother that you had met another girl called Lulu and had taken her to a dance. From her name I just know that she cannot be a very nice girl. Please write and say you still love me.

Your very own,
Euphemia Prigot.Askabasca Hall,
U. of Balta,
Nov. 16, 1936.Miss Euphemia Prigot,
Backwater-on-Slough, Balta.

Dear Euphemia:

I was very mad to get such a cross and unfair letter from you the other day, and the first answer I wrote was too angry, so I tore it up, and now although I've calmed down a bit I am still very sore. You say that I'm jealous, but you are far more so. What business is it of yours who I talk to or go out (Continued on Page 10)

BE GREAT IN THYSELF

Be substantially great in thy self, and more than thou appearest to others; and let the World be deceived in thee, as they are in the Lights of Heaven. Hang early plummets upon the heels of Pride, and let Ambition have but an Epicure and narrow circuit in thee. Measure not thyself by thy morning shadow but by the extent of thy grave, and Reckon thyself above the Earth by the line thou must be contented with under it. — Sir Thomas Browne.

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JABBERWOCK

Elmer Hogg from Backwater-on-Slough has come up to the U. of Balta leaving behind his dotting family and his erstwhile sweetheart, Euphemia Prigot. On the train he met Joe Swaggen, who was on his way to the U. of Baskatchewan. At the University he has fallen under the spell of the alluring Lulu La-martine, and has slowly drifted away from the teachings of Rev. P. B. Chivers, of Backwater. Joe was about to come to Balta to play football when the last instalment had to go to press. Today he has come and gone.

Askabasca Hall,
U. of Balta,
Oct. 23, 1936.Mr. Joseph Swaggen,
U. of Baskatchewan.

Dear Joe:

Well, I sure was good to see you again and to get to know you better. I was awfully disgusted that your team won, but after all I guess that football is not everything, as a lot of people thing around here, and I am sure we will beat you next year anyway. It was a good game, although I don't know all the rules yet, but I noticed that your side seemed to not kick the ball so far, and so when our side dropped it you could get it much more easily, and this seemed to help a lot.

By the way, did you like Lulu, 'cause I thought she rather admired you and I was rather disturbed till I realized that she only liked the way you played football. She is sure a swell girl, and we do have great times together. At the dance that they had for you here she seemed to be acting rather queer, but I guess she was just excited about the whole week-end. I was kind of surprised when suddenly she asked me for a drink because she and I had just had a glass of that punch they were serving at the dance. She looked rather surprised when I said "OK" and took her over to the stand for another glass of punch. However, later she seemed all right, and was very affectionate when I took her home to the Mu Mu Mu fraternity house where she lives, and wanted me to kiss her goodnight, but of course I refused, because I don't think she really meant it, and I suppose she was just fooling.

I liked that brown stuff that you had in that flat bottle in your pocket, and I would certainly like

to know where to get some more because it sort of burns and then makes you feel simply fine. Would you tell me where I can buy it and what it is called. I was sorry to see you so sleepy and wobbly on your feet, but I guess football must be an awful hard game and you must be very tired. By the way, please don't tell anyone that I smoke, because I have a friend at Baskatchewan who might tell the family at home. I have just started since I came up here, but I only have about three or four cigarettes a day and they still make me feel rather sick, but since everyone does it here I can't very well not.

Well, I guess that is all for now. Could you come and stay a few days with us at Backwater during the holidays? It is rather a hick town I see now after seeing Edmonton, but we might take in a barn dance or something, and have some fun.

Your pal,
Elmer Hogg.U. of Baskatchewan,
Oct. 31, 1936.Mr. Elmer Hogg,
Askabasca Hall,
U. of Balta.

Dear Elmer:

This is just to thank you for the great time you gave me while I was in Edmonton and to answer your letter. We certainly were glad to take Balta into camp, and I think that your statement that there is something else besides football is what the profs call a defense mechanism. When I first met you on the train I thought you were one of these innocent kids that have just left mother's apron strings and are fully determined not to forget the old homely virtues, etc., but after last week I realize that your education is the ways of men is progressing nicely. I was a bit surprised to see you smoking, though I must tell you that you should learn not to slobber all over your cigarette. But I almost fell in my tracks when I saw the swell babe you were toting around. She sure looks fast to me, but apart from a bit of fun at a dance or two I could not fall for her very hard. I'm not Malcolm Campbell; I couldn't go her pace. You asked me what I thought about Lulu, and that's it.

You certainly are ignorant still! That stuff in my flask that you liked so much was not apple cider,

but good old whiskey. If you are twenty-one you buy a permit and get it at a liquor store; if you are not yet that old, and I don't suppose you are, you are spared the expense of a permit and get a friend to buy the stuff for you. That's the secret of the stuff in the "flat bottle."

What was wrong with little Lulu was that she had had about ten too many snorts out of "flat bottles" including mine. I told you she was fast, and no wonder she looked rather disgusted when you gave her another glass of that poisonous liquid you honor with the name of "punch." If you want to hang on to her you better have a supply of something real on hand next time, and also not suppose that she is fooling when she offers to neck.

I'm sorry to be so preachy and I want to see more of you, since I see in you the makings of quite a man. I have nothing particular to do these holidays, and would like nothing better than to spend a few days with you during the lay-off. The village I come from is always as dead as last year's Christmas turkey, and will be even worse than Backwater to spend two weeks in. Calgary is the name of the place, though it is too insignificant for you to have heard of, I suppose. Well, I have exams, as I suppose you have too, so like the good scholar I must study a bit.

Yours,
Joe Swaggen.Backwater-on-Slough,
Balta, Nov. 11, 1936.Mr. Elmer Hogg,
Askabasca Hall,
U. of Balta.

Dear Elmer:

I got your letter all about the poetry, and I liked your piece very much indeed. I thought it was simply cute. You sent me the Doorway with the poem by Clara Moor in, and I thought it was very silly, and I don't see what you could see in a girl who would write such dumb stuff. I hope you are not getting too friendly with her, because I bet she is very pretty and she might lead you away from the decent way of life you used to lead.

I don't think it is good for you to associate with all those clever and probably not too good women at Balta U. too much, because they take even your mind off your work, and besides I know you like coun-

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Hockey Fans To Accompany Team on Trip

Special Train May be Chartered For Series With Saskatchewan

RATE CHEAP

Arrangements have been under way to promote the biggest event that this campus has seen in many a year. Even greater than the colossal raid on the Huskies. The idea is that special rates shall be secured in order to enable a body of interested people to travel to Saskatoon with the hockey team some time after Christmas. As far as is known at present, the team travels to the University of Saskatchewan on the third week-end in February. Although exact figures are not at present available according to Clem King, who is making all arrangements, he assures us that the cost will be under ten dollars. This is to include a return fare, breakfast, lunch, dinner and a meal before leaving as well as admission to the game at Saskatoon.

150 Students Needed
In order to secure a special train, travelling at our own time, 150 students must be willing to make the trip. But should even 100 students desire to go the special rates will still apply, though travelling will have to conform to the regular schedules of the railway.

If you want to have the biggest, most colossal, gigantic week-end of your Varsity career, start to save your shekels now, so that you can assure yourself of the trip. Clem King plans to start a trust bank fund, whereby those who are desirous of making the trip can place money to their credit at any time they so wish, or have it. Should the train go, then all that is necessary is to bring the account up to the required amount. Should the train go, and the party does not desire to go, all that he has deposited shall be returned without question. Should the train not go, everyone will receive their money back, with no loss. It would be best to state here that the tickets must be purchased at least 48 hours before the train leaves Edmonton.

If you are interested and have any questions, get in touch with Clem L. King, St. Stephen's College, Phone 33258.

According to latest information from Manager Bill Moody of the Bear hockey team, the Green and Gold will play Camrose here in Varsity rink on Monday, January 4.

In the latest games of the league we find that Wetaskiwin, whom Varsity beat on Saturday, has triumphed over Camrose 3-1.

What is even more startling, Vegreville only beat Camrose 2-1. The Bears therefore will have to be right on their toes to eke out a victory over the rampaging Maroons from the normal school centre.

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HUNDRED FORMAL ORGAN RECITALS GIVEN BY PROFESSOR L. H. NICHOLS

Hundredth Recital For Musical Club

On Sunday, December 13, Mr. Nichols, of the Physics Department, noted organist, held his one-hundredth formal organ recital at the opening meeting of the University Musical Club. He was assisted by Miss Mary Makar, violinist, and Miss Margaret Hutton, soprano.

This organ recital had been scheduled for a year ago, but owing to the ill-health of Mr. Nichols at that time, was postponed till now.

"People who learn things for the fun of learning," as expressed by Dr. Leacock in his recent address, characterizes Mr. Nichols. He has never taken an organ examination. His talent was developed in Montreal on the organ of St. George's Church.

Besides these one hundred formal recitals, Mr. Nichols has given another hundred recitals over the radio and to students in the spring. The formal recitals with official



PROFESSOR L. H. NICHOLS
At the console of the Memorial Organ, on which he recently gave his one hundredth formal recital.

More Than Hundred Informal Recitals

programs attached have been given during the past ten years.

"I don't expect to ever give my two-hundredth," smiled Mr. Nichols when interviewed.

It was suggested that he should find the hundredth recital much easier than the first, but Mr. Nichols disagreed. "I think the recitals get harder each time. The reason is that the standard of the recitals is continually improving, although the standard of student audience remains about the same, due to the changes in the student body every year."

All the recitals in the hundred formal presentations have been given on the Memorial Organ in Convocation Hall. This organ was donated to the University by members of the Alumnae of the University, staff members and the students. It was dedicated on November 11, 1925, and has been in constant use ever since.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY HAS SIX BRANCHES

SIXTY THOUSAND VOLUMES LISTED

Periodicals and Scientific Journals on Shelves

By Murray Bolton

There are libraries, then again there are libraries. There are libraries offering the lightest of fiction for tired minds; there are libraries dealing in general worthlessness as they pamper the desires of their spoiled members. The University of Alberta, however, is in possession of a library whose sole aim is the advancement of learning and the giving of an opportunity to those whose minds and eyes rest on the horizon rather than in the mud underfoot.

Due primarily to the inadequacy of the room but also for convenience, the complete library is divided into six separate housings. There is the Medical and Chemical Libraries in the Medical Building, the Agriculture Library in the South Lab, the School of Education Library in St. Joseph's College, and the Law and Main Libraries in the Arts. Together these comprise some sixty thousand volumes which is a goodly number in any man's language. In addition there is a wide variety of periodicals (with the notable exception of the Esquire) and Scientific journals. To this stock Mr. Cameron is constantly adding direct from London and New York. A request for a book by a department or a number of students receives prompt attention and, if the suggestion is good one, the particular copy is ordered immediately. These additions are paid for solely by the Students' Library fee.

Every Book Used

Numbers do mean a great deal, extent and capacity of the library is of importance, but more important is the fact that the library is strictly a utilitarian organization. There is no dead wood there. Every book given a place in that library must have some specific use; every volume must be of service or it is not kept. Its aim is strictly academic but anyone, student or graduate, anxious for help receives the warmest of hearings. No one, if possible is turned down; other provinces are resorted to often in an attempt to fulfill the sole task and aim of the institution—that of help and assistance.

But it is singular indeed that the mention of library to the majority of the students does not suggest such a haven of learning. The word "library" rather means that stuffy room in the Arts Building where the few fortunate attempt to do some work. It's hot, it's close, it's crowded. Does that inspire work? Does that encourage a student to put his odd hours in study rather than in Tuck? A ventilation system supplying only forty per cent enough air cannot be expected to

Attention Seniors!

Due to the nearness of the holiday season, arrangements have been made so that all graduating seniors may sign for their class fees, hence insuring their pictures a place in the Year Book; the fees to be paid before a dead-line to be set in the New Year.

Because of the high cost of year book pictures (\$1.50 per print) and graduation exercises, it is imperative that all graduating students pay their class fees; hence the above arrangements. The dead-line for signatures is January 15, 1937, and only those seniors who have paid or signed for their fees will have their pictures in the Evergreen and Gold. It should also be noted that only paid-up members will benefit from the reduced rates for graduation functions.

The executive request that graduating seniors co-operate and sign for or pay their fees as soon as possible. Remember, Seniors, your picture will not be in the Year Book unless your fees are paid.

By Order,
SENIOR EXECUTIVE.

help matters either. And what of the books? Room for them is not more plentiful than for the students. Yearly they are forced closer and closer together. Even this summer, new shelving three times the length of the Arts Building was installed in the stack room, once declared definitely and for all time packed to the doors.

Need Library Building
Of course all this could be remedied very simply by the construction of a separate library building. This at present is impossible but a most beneficial compromise could be arranged at a moderate expense by the extension of a wing of one of the present structures. The main point, however, is that, since a university is intended as a place of study, its library should be the principal rock upon which the institution rests. If this rock should falter in its duty, then what of its dependent?

No library, and ours especially, is complete without its staff. The patient, helpful assistance which anyone of Mr. Cameron's co-workers is so ready to give is appreciated by all, faculty and students, alike.

FAREWELL ADDRESS OF MONARCH HEARD BY UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

Lectures Deserted

As he bid farewell to a listening Empire last Friday afternoon, Edward, Ex-king of England was heard from many different quarters by the students of the University of Alberta.

When the hour of three o'clock approached, corridors and lecture rooms were deserted. It was heard that in two classes the students by common consent cancelled their own lectures before their lecturers arrived. Even many of the professors themselves left their posts to listen to Edward's last words. Facilities were arranged in Convocation Hall and in the CKUA studio for the broadcasting of the message but large numbers of the students filed over to both the Varsity Tuck Shop and St. Joe's Tuck to fill both to the doors. Others wended their way back to residence to their own

radios or those of fellow students, and still others who were in the down town area heard the former monarch over loud speakers which were installed at different points in the centre section of the city.

Listeners Moved

At both Tucks, as the first words of the announcer came over the nation-wide hook-up, a deep hush fell over the students. Then Edward began to talk. During the entire broadcast, no one spoke, no one moved, but all were intent upon hearing every word of the message. From the expressions on their faces, a considerable part of the listeners seemed to be deeply moved. When the King closed his address with the words "God Save the King" no one stirred for a moment, probably expecting that he had not completed what he was to say.

With the return of the C.B.C. announcer to the air, many of the students had to return to labs, and

Lecturer Hoodwinks Audience With Timetable

Misleading many students into thinking that he was using notes for his lecture Monday night in Convocation Hall, Professor Stephen Leacock, professor-emeritus of McGill University, used a C.N.R. timetable to drive home crucial points in his arguments.

The McGill humorist at no time during his talk, in which he quoted long extracts of Latin, famous poets, as well as figures of various sorts, referred to any sort of notes. He thumbed through the time-table when quoting, giving the appearance that he was reading the extracts in question. At the conclusion of the lecture, he pocketed the time-table as he was leaving the hall.

C.A.H.A. BREAK MADE DEFINITE SAYS DR. HARDY

Only Quebec Branch Dissents

Cleavage of the C.A.H.A. from the A.A.U. of Canada has finally been authoritatively announced. Sergt. John Leslie, honorary secretary of the Union, was notified Monday that connections had been severed with the parent body, to take effect in 30 days, i.e., on January 15th.

First serious rumblings of dissension date back to the spring of 1935 when at their annual meeting at Halifax the C.A.H.A. tried to have the amateur code broadened. At Regina this fall the A.A.U. turned down their now famous four-point program, resulting in open antagonism between the two bodies and culminating in the break Monday.

The action of the C.A.H.A. was hastened by the Quebec branch, who made public a letter to the branch offices from Fred Marples, secretary of the Hockey Association, and by the assaults made on the revolving faction by Professor Hart and others in the East.

No word has been received from the Maritimes as to whether they will join in the secession. The officers of the Quebec branch are still lined up with the "old guard" but the rest of the Dominion is back of the hockeyists.

In connection with the Allan Cup, Dr. Hardy maintains that playoffs for this trophy will go on as before. The cup was donated to the C.A.H.A. and placed in care of three trustees, viz., Cecil Duncan, president of the C.A.H.A., Dr. Hardy, first vice-president, and Claude Robinson, chairman of the finance committee, who is also secretary of the A.A.U.

Dr. Hardy also states that before the C.A.H.A. joined with the A.A.U. of Canada in 1931 the Hockey Association sponsored and financed teams in the Olympics and sent teams travelling. They also have direct agreements at present with the British Ice Association, the A.A.U. of the States, and with various European federations.

In regard to finances, which Mr. Claude Robinson stated might be withheld, Dr. Hardy points out that Mr. Robinson is on the finance committee in an advisory capacity only, and it is the officers and executive of the C.A.H.A. who have the disposal of their funds.

The purpose of the Hockey Association's action is to enable players who are not gentlemen of means to participate in sport, which they could not have done previously had the A.A.U. enforced their legislation.

Auld Lang Syne, the dining hall was cleared, and Milt Edwards and his musicians swung into action. Students tripped the light fantastic for nearly three hours, and voted the banquet and dance the best ever.

Students at Tucks

classrooms from which they had been excused for the few minutes that Edward was to speak. Others remained to sip their refreshments and to talk over the King's words and the situation that had arisen in Britain.

The opinion of the students as a whole on the speech, seemed to be one of complete satisfaction. The common expectation had been that he would emphasize not his own position but that of the new King George VI, that he would ask the Empire as a whole to give their allegiance to his successor. Several expressed the opinion that for the first time the former King seemed more real, more human, more closer to them. No one was heard at the moment to express criticism of his last words, which is more evidence of the moving effect of the message.

DR. STEPHEN LEACOCK VISITS UNIVERSITY; SPEAKS IN CON. HALL

"Recovery After Graduation" Topic Chosen by Distinguished Speaker

STAYS THREE DAYS

Speaks to Students on Tuesday Afternoon

By John Meikle

Whether people should learn what they want to learn when they want to learn it or because they were forced to learn it, is the crucial problem faced by modern education, stated Dr. Stephen Leacock, internationally-known satirist, writer, economist, and speaker in his lecture in Convocation Hall on Monday evening, December 14th. Before a capacity audience of extremely enthusiastic listeners, which included a large number of students, Dr. Leacock spoke for almost an hour on "Recovery After Graduation," an hour which seemed all too short to his eager audience.

Introducing Stephen Leacock, Dr. Kerr, President of the University, mentioned briefly the international nature of the distinguished speaker's reputation, and pointed out that wisdom always lurked behind the abundant wit of his words. Seated with Dr. Kerr on the platform were Dr. Rutherford, Chancellor of the University, and Hon. Horace Harvey, Chairman of the Board of Governors.

Commenting on Dr. Kerr's introduction, Dr. Leacock said that he noticed that the President had hesitated before the word "economist" as applied to himself. Tonight, however, said the speaker, he intended to speak as an educationalist on "Recovery After Graduation"—if that is possible. He proposed to deal first with his own education and examine what was left after sixty-six years of it. As a classical scholar, Dr. Leacock admitted that he could prove a great deal but that it won't all fit together.

Numerous prepositions governed something, but what they governed was the difficulty. Perhaps, he said, they simply had a passion for government. Turning to mathematics, the speaker spoke of isosceles triangles and logarithms, and then proposed to give students hints as to short cuts in getting through. These secrets he had refrained from disclosing while active as a professor.

The alphabet Dr. Leacock considers necessary, although few women learn it. Names of the West Saxon kings and branches of the Amazon River were also of use.

Ephistomology?

When dealing with Latin translations, Dr. Leacock advised students to write down something that looks like Caesar and thus mislead the professor. These principles also applied to subjects of higher learning like "Ephistomology." It is also valuable if a student can cite a more obscure author than even the professor, such as Abbe Pate de Foix Gras or his German contemporary, Pretzel.

Dealing now with more serious aspects of education, Stephen Leacock stated that in scholarship, as in many other things, both sides are right. Thus there is something to be said for those educationists who stress the technical aspects, as well as for those who are most interested in the eager desire for knowledge on the part of their students. All through the history of education these have been in conflict.

Question and Answer

Dr. Burby of Westminster was cited as one of the great men of early organized education in England. "Smith Minor" learned "because it was in the book" and was beaten up if he didn't. Reverting again to his own early education, Dr. Leacock told of attending a "Dame's School" at the age of three.

Later, on coming to Canada, he was forced to learn at home out of question and answer text-books, which he remembers with gratitude, although the method was not so good. The questions and answers ran something like the following: Q.—Were not the Romans a great people? A.—They were.

Meanwhile, continued Dr. Leacock, an opposite school had sprung up under Rousseau's leadership, which was based on the spontaneous desire to learn.

THEATRE DIRECTORY

STRAND THEATRE, Dec. 19 to 21, Sat. and Mon., (two days only)
George O'Brien in "Daniel Boone."
EMPERESS THEATRE, Thurs., Friday, Sat., Dec. 17, 18, 19—Jack Holt in "Crash Donovan" and Jane Wyatt in "Luckiest Girl in the World."
PRINCESS THEATRE, Thurs., Friday, Sat., Dec. 17, 18, 19—Wallace Beery in "A Message to Garcia" and Jane Withers in "Pepper." Mon., Tues., Wed., Dec. 21, 22, 23—Marlene Dietrich in "Desire" and William Boyd in "Hopalong Cassidy Returns."
RIALTO THEATRE, Dec. 16-18—"The Private Life of Henry VIII" with Charles Laughton, Robert Donat, Merle Aueron; "The Murder of Dr. Harrigan" with Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor.

WOODWARD'S BEAUTY PARLOR

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(Continued on Page 14)

PHARMACY CLUB HOLD MEETING

The Pharmacy Club again lived up to its reputation as "one of the most active clubs on the campus" with over 40 members present at the December supper meeting, held in St. Joseph's Tock on Tuesday, Dec. 8th.

Plans were discussed for the Undergrad dance and a committee appointed to take charge of all arrangements.

The committee consists of Cecil Johnston, chairman; Ron Gaunce, sec.-treas. of the club; Bill McCalla, president of the club and Rod McIvor.

Plans for the dance are already well advanced and the committee is assured of the fullest co-operation of the club members to make this dance one of the high lights of the year.

After the business meeting the club was entertained by Colonel Dunn who showed a series of lantern slides taken on his recent visit to China.

Present "Gateway" Outgrowth of Magazine Founded in Early Days

First Editor Reminisces On Pioneer Days of Paper

MEDIUM OF SELF-EXPRESSION

By A. E. Ottewell
(Registrar of the University and first Editor of the Gateway)

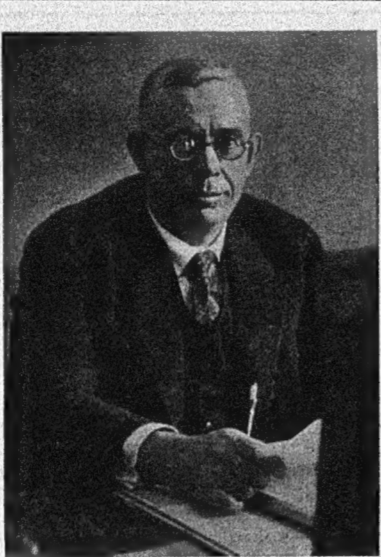
In the character of the first editor and to that extent the founder of the Gateway, I have been asked to make a contribution to the special Christmas edition. Naturally in such circumstances one is tempted to reminisce of the beginnings of this institution and the student publication.

The University of Alberta registered its first class on September 23rd, 1908. The total number was forty-seven, seven being women. Forty survived the first year. The present generation of students can scarcely appreciate the position of that first group. Now there is a well organized and on the whole smooth running set of student activities. What remains is to improve and adapt them. Traditions good or bad are firmly established. Then, traditions were things of the future. A ridiculously small student body must lay foundations and establish traditions. Imagine the freshman class of 1936 reduced to less than fifty facing such a task and the situation becomes clearer.

Alberta College Affiliated

For some years before, Alberta College had been carrying on an affiliated college of McGill University, preparing matriculants and offering two years' work in the Faculty of Arts. Of the original students at the University of Alberta, a few had spent one or more years there. One or two others had a year in another University, as for the remainder they were completely inexperienced in student life.

Two experiments were made in the new institution. The first was the honor plan in examinations. For two years there was no invigilation of examinations. Question papers were distributed and quite commonly the instructor left the room for most of the time, leaving the students as the guardians and custodians of their own honesty. In time, the test proved too severe and stricter supervision was introduced. This, however, was only a part of a larger experiment, namely, that of



A. E. OTTEWELL

First Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway, when the paper was issued in the form of a monthly magazine. Mr. Ottewell is Registrar of the University of Alberta at the present time.

student self-government. With necessary modifications the principle has continued to the present. There is of course a wide difference between the present constitution of the students' union and the modest type-written document of 1908-09, but the thread of continuity has not been broken from the first.

Medium for Self-Expression

A necessary feature of democracy is a medium for the expression of opinion and the discussion of problems. Freedom for the clash of opposite views to occur must be present. Progress comes from the reconciliation of such clashes. When flint and steel meet a spark is struck which is neither of these, but a new combination. So do ideas take form and issue in actions and institutions. No better device for the purpose indicated has been found than a free press. Hence, the need in a self-governing student body for a publication edited and managed by the representatives of the community it serves.

Conscious of this need the first students at this University very soon thought of starting some kind of student organ. The next question was one of ways and means. Early in the session, 1909-10, a small group took lunch with Dr. Broadus at his home and discussed possibilities. Stubborn facts had to be faced. The student body was small; talent was limited; prospective funds were meagre almost to the point of non-existence; what could be done? To be sure, the students of that time did not underestimate their own abilities. They could not at the moment increase their numbers, but they felt they could produce a monthly magazine with some help

Gathering at Broadus Home Sees Birth of Idea

NO HIGH BRIDGE

kindly promised by the staff. But where was the money to come from? All student activities at that time called for voluntary membership and fees. Then came the inevitable bright idea. Lo! the poor advertiser!

Conditions Changed

Of course conditions were not as they now are. The high level bridge was still three years in the future. Strathcona was an independent municipality. Intense jealousy existed between the north and south towns as they were commonly called. The total population of both was about one third of that of today. Department stores with large publicity budgets were yet to come. Many merchants took space not with the expectation of proportionate business returns but rather with the view of supporting a publication on a semi-charitable basis. Consequently the field was much restricted.

Facing all these facts with the courage of ignorance and inexperience the students of that time went to work. Editorial staff was appointed and financial support solicited. But after copy had been prepared the necessary money was not forthcoming, and the literary effusions went to the dust-bin and the launching of the enterprise was delayed for a year.

With the opening of the 1910-11 session, however, the venture was revived and with more success. A sort of magazine was started, as the result of a competition the name, "Gateway" was decided upon and several monthly issues were put in circulation. The whole thing was on a pay as you publish basis under an agreement with the south side newspaper then called the Plaindealer.

Typhoid Epidemic

About five years ago I told in an article appearing in the Gateway of the struggles of that year. A terrible typhoid epidemic broke out, money was scarce, the student body was still small, the advertisers were not easy to persuade, but the show went on.

The volume of the Gateway, 1910-11, which may be seen in the library is an interesting antique, and may well serve as a double pattern, both of what should be imitated and avoided.

The Gateway is now a well established institution. A succession of able staffs have brought it well to the front in publications of its class. As a college newspaper it should with sound progressive management go on from one high peak of achievement to another.

May I conclude by extending to the Gateway staff and readers on behalf of those of other years the old wish for a very merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

STUDENTS EXPRESS OPINIONS ON ABDICATION OF MONARCH

Noon Editions Convey News to Edmontonians

SOLD IN LIBRARY

Were you in the Arts Rotunda on the morning of the tenth of December? If you were not you missed something.

Upon the arrival of the morning papers, a regiment of newsboys peddled them, carrying the news of the abdication. Students swirled into the Rotunda to gain possession of a paper. Some wanted to stop and read the stories, others enjoyed the pictures, and then some merely read the funnies.

Of course there were opinions expressed as well as questions asked. You can imagine the type of question. Some serious-minded individual would ask, "What do you think of the abdication?" And from another source, "Do you think that the present action has lowered the prestige of the monarchy?"

These questions were asked of some of the students and many interesting replies were received. Some of course were shy and wouldn't talk but others—but read for yourself.

Isabel Stanley—"I don't think that he should have abdicated. He should have stuck to his duty. The prestige is naturally lowered."

David Appelt, formerly of Australia, said—"It is rather a pity but the matter has gone to such a stage it was the only alternative. In my opinion the prestige of Edward is lowered. The people of Australia have a very high opinion of the new king, as I have myself."

Lorne Ingle was found studying Political Economy. He stated—"It was the only course that was left open for him. The prestige of the British throne is essentially lowered."

Marion Carlyle, diminutive agriculturist, grieving over the prospect of not being able to take over the management of a king's ranch, refused to talk.

Scotty MacLean, smiling janitor in the Arts building, and need we add, Scotch, answered, "I'm absolutely disgusted with the action of a man

SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS

As the last strains of the symphony concert faded last Sunday, a large number of students came out of the Student Union auditorium. Apparently they were well pleased with what they had heard.

A few moments later, had anyone been watching, he would have noticed many of the same students standing in line to get tickets to the current movie at the Wilma theatre. From the "Concerto in D Major" to "Swinging the Jinx Away" is typical of one of the phases of the modern college student.

A diversity of interests and variety of tastes is being built up within the individual student by the combination of university and American life. It seems to make the old phrase, "From the sublime to the ridiculous," less ridiculous. This bromide describes something that happens a hundred times every day of the college year, something that is not to be laughed at.

To be able to appreciate and enjoy that which has depth of beauty and is heavily worth while and at the same time gain full pleasure and relaxation offered by the vagaries of the modern song-and-dance life is one of the greatest things that is gained by the American youth from American schools and environments.

—Idaho Argonaut.

who has been trained to rule a vast empire. The people had faith in him and now it's all gone."

Blimey Hutton—"I'm a little surprised. I can't see that the crisis was forced. I can't see how a man brought up to fill such a position could take such a step."

Ruth Clendennan, in a hurry to study, said—"I admire him for doing it. I don't think it has lowered the prestige of the British throne."

Harold Woodsworth, good natured as usual, replied—"I sort of liked Eddie. It's too bad he abdicated. Now this other fellow hasn't been brought up to be a king. But I suppose he'll make a good king."

So you see different people have different ideas. Time will tell who has made the best guess. We can only wait and watch.

JABBERWOCK :-

(Continued from Page 7)

with? While I am at the University I will do what I want without you butting your little nose into my affairs. If you want to go out with that awful heel Leo Slavski, go ahead, and I will take Lulu Lamartine out too whenever I wish. I was particularly sore about you saying that you did not think Lulu was a very good girl when you do not even know her. Although she does smoke and occasionally has a drink of whiskey or something else, she is a great sport, and I like her very much. I was kind of surprised when I found out she did these things, but now of course I see there is no harm in them if done in moderation, and in fact I have taken to smoking myself, and I have several times had drinks. If you don't like my habits you can go and jump in the hog wallow or run off and tell your griefs to that old horse, Rev. Chivers.

I'll be home for Christmas and see you then, and perhaps I can convert you to my way of thinking. Tonight I am going out again with Lulu whether you disapprove or not. I still want to be good friends with you, and so I will not say anything more now.

Yours sincerely,
Elmer.

Backwater-on-Slough,
Balta, Nov. 28, 1936.

Mr. Elmer Hogg,
Askabasca Hall,
U. of Balta,
Edmonton.

My Dear Elmer:

Your letter in which you described your first clash with the Atheists, together with a communication from the Rev. Swathe of Edmonton, in which he tells me you have not yet been to church, have conspired to make me most apprehensive of the state of your immortal soul.

Ah, Elmer, truly "I know thy works and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is" (Rev. 2:13). You have not been to the House of God since you entered the University. Seek you to trade learning for virtue? The exchange will not be profitable. "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and not of yourselves it is the gift of God" (Ephesians 2:8).

Ah, Elmer, whither are you going? Rumor has it that you have taken to vice. Even that you consume spirituous liquors and that you are staining your fingers with nicotine. Know you not, Oh foolish lad, that "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise" (Prov. 20:1).

Yesterday Euphemia Priggot, whom I know you once to have held more than a friend, called to see me in great agitation. From her I learned of your sudden fall. Her heart is heavy within her, and the joyous light of happy innocent young girlhood is dimmed with sadness.

Ah, Elmer, forsake your evil ways. Write to Euphemia and to me and assure us that you are not slipping anchor. "Ye see how large a letter I have written unto you with my own hand" (Gal. 6:11), and all because of my love for you and of my great fear that you will come to evil.

Yours in heavenly hope,
P. B. Chivers, D.D.

Askabasca Hall,
U. of Balta,
Dec. 5, 1936.

Rev. P. B. Chivers,
Backwater-on-Slough.

Dear Mr. Chivers:
I got your letter the other day, and I want to tell you now that I cannot be a Christian any more because I do not believe in the things that all good Christians should believe on. I think I understand your feelings, but when I came up here among all the intelligent people at the University I soon saw that you were quite wrong about everything, and after a lot of thinking I have come to the conclusion that your ideas are much too narrow, and I have decided to become an atheist and to do what I think is right for myself in the way of drinking and smoking and so on. I have been studying psychology and philosophy, and if you knew what the steple on your church stood for I think you would not believe it, and what your altar is really a symbol of. I have also learnt to despise all the Mysticism of the Christians and other religions, and my intelligence tells me that God is only an imagination in the mind. And also the theory of evolution seems to have been absolutely proved, and that man did not come from the Garden of Eden, but from a monkey or ape. I hope that you will still be my friend though I do not believe in the things you do,

but I think I have a right to my own beliefs.

This letter is not very clear, I am afraid, but I will be home, and then I will tell you all what I think if you will let me, but now I have to go and study.

Yours sincerely,
Elmer Hogg.

Askabasca Hall,
U. of Balta,
Dec. 16, 1936.

Mr. Hankie Wanson,
Editor, The Doorway,
U. of Balta.

Dear Hankie:

Although you refused to print a poem of mine which I handed in to you earlier in the term, I have forgiven this slight oversight of real ability. I wish to say that I am very pleased with the University up to the end of my first term here, and I would like to thank, on behalf of the Jabberwock who has been stealing my letters to various friends and their letters to me, the students who have for so long abided with this silly stuff.

At the request of all my friends—Joe Swaggen, Euphemia Priggot, Lulu Lamartine, Rev. P. B. Chivers, and my mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hogg of Backwater-on-Slough, Balta,—and also of my own accord, I would like this opportunity of wishing all the students in the University and the editors, reporters and columnists of the Doorway, a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Successful New Year. At this time when huge meals are the rule, it is, I suppose, useless to wish anyone good health through the holidays, but I hope that I shall see all the old faces back at the University of Balta soon, happy in their rapid recuperation from an overdose of turkey and plum pudding.

Thanking you for this valuable space in the Doorway, I am,
Yours from Backwater,
Elmer Hogg.
—XY.

THE BROKEN CHORD

Ah, not for me the anger of the waves,
Crest after crest for ever rolling on,
In all their strength and splendour
With a wild triumphant song.

Nor yet the glory of the summer sea,
Of the thousand shades of blue,
That merge into the great green depths,
Which cleanse the soul anew.

But give me the November sea,
Cold, cold, so clear and grey,
With a hunted mist around me,
When the world seems far away.

No wave, no sound, nor any solid thing,
But utter silence round the ghosts of earth.

Then lost 'midst magic loneliness I feel
The touch of some great Finger on my soul,
That bids me wander through the doors of time,
And step by step through all dimensioned space,
Beyond the stars themselves, beyond the realms of thought—
But I am blind.

Oh God how can I see
The glorious things that Thou would'st show to me,
With these poor eyes; this earth-created brain?

Then breaks the wonder of the space entangled chord,
And I am standing by the cold grey shore again,
And hear upon the sea the slow November rain.

J.H.S.

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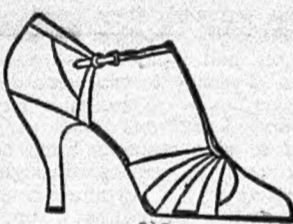
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WOMEN'S SPORT SEASON PROVES VERY SUCCESSFUL

Scribe Reviews Activities of Past Year in Co-ed Athletics

Bang! It's half-time! For a brief period sport on the campus will be at rest; the midway mark has been reached—the new year will see a refreshed eagerness. It's been quite a busy time in sportettes during the past term. There's been little time for reflections. Now's the time to look back and see just what has been done.

Track started the year off. It was disappointing to see so few co-eds willing to participate in this activity. The interfaculty meet was not a resounding success so far as numbers were concerned, but it did show up the good sportsmanship of a few. The intercollegiate meet was held in Winnipeg, with the three western universities being represented. The University of Manitoba captured the Rutherford trophy with an outstanding women's team. Leading the way were Eleanor Honeyman, sprinter, and Helen Ross, high jumper, two all-round athletes and real track stars. Varsity came through with second place, due to the stellar performances of Irene Barnett, "Al" MacDonald, Cathy Rose, Helen Rose and Joan Hudson. It was a good showing; the girls certainly deserved their trip.

At the same time balls were

whizzing back and forth at the intercollegiate tennis meet down behind Pembina, and again for the fifth consecutive year Varsity reigns supreme in the field of intercollegiate tennis. Barbara Jarman and Helen Aikenhead wore the green and gold. They deserve a big hand.

Tennis, all through the long balmy autumn weather, enjoyed real popularity. Under the leadership of Jean Cogswell, tournaments were run off in fine style. They were fast and competition was keen.

In other sports the major activity is yet to start. Over at the "Y" the swimming team has been carrying on its training in preparation for the intercollegiate swimming meet. They've got a real job ahead of them; they've also got some excellent material lined up, including Mary McConkey, Olympic swimming star. The meet is in February—and at Alberta.

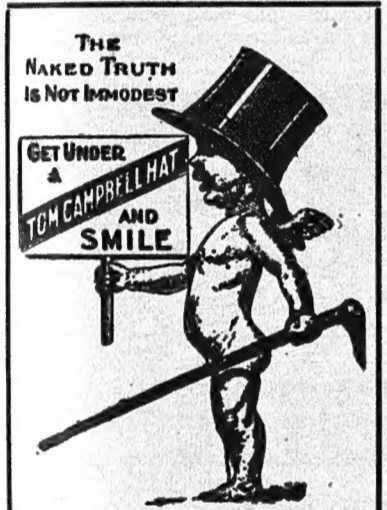
Things are apt to happen in basketball—so far, the training has been mostly routine, shooting, passing, new plays; the tough but interesting part is yet to come. The co-ed hoopers are entered in a city league, have arranged a game with the Calgary Jimnies, and expect to travel to Saskatchewan. That's a year's work for any team—here's the best of luck.

And so to hockey. Old man winter took quite a holiday this year, relaxing during working hours. But with the new year, things will be ready to hum. The first cutting down of the team has been effected, and co-ed pucksters are ready to go with the tide of the new year. It is probable a game with Edson will be played and also with surrounding towns. A trip to Saskatchewan is being anticipated—but that's in the future.

So that's what's happened—a lot more is about to happen. There'll be games and there'll be game, in basketball, badminton, hockey—and there'll also be an intercollegiate swimming meet—at Alberta.

It won't be long in the new year until swimming will be holding the spotlight, with the intercollegiate meet to be held here in February. The girls have been training since early in the fall, and have some promising material out.

The new year, as far as women's sport is concerned, is full up. The girls are eager to go—we hope you are as eager to support them. Now's the time to make full use of that athletic ticket.



Tom Campbell's Smile Hat Shop Opposite Selkirk Hotel

Mary McConkey Elated At Lavish Arrangement For Nations Reception

Attends Formal by Dr. Goebbels

By Ruth Hazlett

Have you seen a fair-haired, winsome-looking lass gracing the Varsity halls? Or perhaps you aren't aware that our University is being singularly honored this year with one of the members of Canada's Olympic team as a registered student. We are referring to Mary McConkey, a local co-ed, who last summer added another laurel to her many swimming achievements by being chosen to accompany Canada's team to the Olympic games in Germany.

Between the worries and cares of exams and the excitement of Christmas and holidays, The Gateway has been fortunate enough to obtain an interview with Mary. This assignment which had to be got done, and in by nine o'clock, was a real pleasure—in fact, exams were the only thing which terminated it.

The interview opened with, what was to Mary, the old stock question, "What were your impressions when you were selected as a member of the Olympic team?"

"Well, I was very thrilled indeed, but I had been training hard, and hoping for it, and would have been very disappointed if I had not been chosen."

It was Mary's first ocean trip, and not being seasick at all going over, it was a wonderful experience. "Every night we had to dress for supper, the boys in white slacks and red jackets and the girls in white dresses and shoes. We had meetings every day, did exercises on deck and in the gymnasium. The Vimy people were on board, so there were a lot of extra functions. Of course we didn't attend them all because we were in training. There was no swimming pool, so we had to kick in the bathtub every morning. The Steward didn't like this very well, for we splashed all over the floor."

Asked as to why there were more eastern athletes on the trip, Mary replied that training is more extensive down east and there are many more facilities available. Nearly all the schools have swim-

ming pools. They take their training seriously, and they know how to train.

The "Friesenhaus" was the girls' quarters in Germany. While there the Edmonton Commercial Grads came to call on Mary. We didn't need to ask just how thrilled she was about seeing someone from the old home town.

The age-old questions, "What did you think of Germany?" and "Does Hitler's picture look like him?" came up.

Mary liked Germany very much. "It is a beautiful country, very clean and everything seems to be green—green trees and foliage everywhere. Paris is a dirty city as compared to Berlin. We spent six hours in Paris—the streets were very dirty and there were a lot of beggars. There were no beggars in Germany—everybody seemed to be in uniform, even the unemployed. There are three or four uniformed men on every street, and a great deal of marching—everything works like a machine, in perfect order."

"Hitler is just like his picture. He was always at the games, and very interested and enthusiastic, but maybe that's because Germany was always winning. He is for the people, by the people, or at least he considers himself to be, and as an example of his generosity, for two weeks every day he brought in 2,000 people from any part of Germany to see the games and paid all their expenses and entertained them, for only two dollars."

"On arrival in Berlin the team was met by bands playing, soldiers in white uniforms and special cars. We all had to march single file through the station; we drove through the streets with everybody shouting 'Herr Hitler.' We shouted back 'Herr Canada.' There seemed to be millions of people."

"Entertainment was lavish and not lacking in quantity; in fact, we couldn't go to everything." Here Mary showed a lot of souvenirs, her commemorative medal, books, and other things given her while in Germany.

Dr. Goebbels, who has often been referred to in our papers, enter-

Refuses to Discuss Jarrett Question

tained for them on a little island to which they had to be taken in summer boats. It was an invitation affair and formal. Here's a copy of the invitation:

Der Reichminister Für Volksaufklärung und Propaganda Dr. Goebbels Bittet im Namen Der Reichsregierung Anlässlich Der XI Olympischen Spiele Berlin 1936 Fraulein McConkey Zum Sommerfest Auf Der Pfaueninsel A.M. 15 August, 1936, 19 U.H.R.

Now's the time for you German students to get a little practice in translating German.

The last night of the games the German Government entertained the teams at the Deutschland Halle—10,000 were in attendance."

Mary was invited by Dr. Lutz Heck to visit his Zoological Gardens. "We had breakfast overlooking the gardens and pools with snow-white swans swimming around. You could reach over and throw food to them."

Asked as to how true the report was that the girls had to sleep on the floor, Mary said it was true enough. "I slept on the floor myself"—but hastened to add, "we didn't mind. We could have sat there, but we were so tired we lay down. That was a terrible night. We had to go through three custom offices and they had to see everything we owned."

Approaching the subject of Eleanor Holmes Jarrett, the interview was quickly terminated. Mary had no more to say on the subject than others—and we let it go at that.

But one thing Mary would like stressed is that for the first time the Canadian girls' swimming team reached the finals and placed in them. This fact has been greatly overlooked.

So it was quite a trip, and certainly not one to be forgotten in a hurry. It would undoubtedly rate as a landmark in any co-ed's career.

Bird-Batting Club Holds Eaton Cup

With some of the best players in the city enrolled at the University, the Badminton Club under President Geo. Crawford is on the way to a brilliant season.

Already Harry "Red" Cooper and Barbara Jarman, sporting the Green and Gold, have won and twice defended the T. Eaton Mixed Doubles Challenge trophy. To first gain acquaintance with the silverware they had to stave off defeat at set point to dislodge the grip of Geo. Roberts and Mrs. Washburn in a torrid 3-set match. The following Sunday they turned back the bid of Alan Nash and Mrs. Brough in another 3-set struggle, and this last Sabbath afternoon they downed Lyle Hoar and Bernice Smith.

Along with the stars there are in the club a number of players of lesser calibre for whom an intermediate league has been formed. Don King is looking after the students' interests in this league, which embraces three teams from Inglewood, two from the Edmonton Club, and one each from the Metropolitan and King Edward clubs, as well as the Faculty and the Students. A team of from six to eight players engage in a match of 7 games, viz., three mixed doubles and one men's singles, ladies' singles and men's and ladies' doubles. Top ranking city players are barred from competition. Some of the other clubs have been successful in arranging matches, but Varsity will have to wait till after Christmas to make their debut.

By the time the city tournament rolls around the Varsity players should be in top form, and will certainly put up a spirited argument for any titles that are being passed about in both senior and junior divisions. Following the city tourney a team will in all likelihood be selected representing Varsity at the

HOUSE HOOPERS GET UNDER WAY

House League got away to a rather tardy but enthusiastic start when the D.G.'s played the Tri Deltis the last week in November. It was a lively game. Dozens of the D.G.'s yelling from the sidelines spurred their sisters on. But to counter-balance this advantage, a couple of the Tri Deltis had read all the rules, and knew just when to go on and when to come off and when to report to the referee. Both sides played furiously, but the Tri Deltis were a little better. They won, 18-15. Then house league, like everything else, was interrupted by Christmas exams.

It's a pretty good league this season. There are six teams—more than there have been for years—Thetas, Phi Phis, Nurses, Tri Deltis, D.G.'s, and Pembina are all represented. And the patience of the coach is colossal. He's really teaching us something.

And no more basketball for three weeks! We don't know how we'll stand the long holidays.

provincial tourney in Calgary, which is expected to get under way in February.

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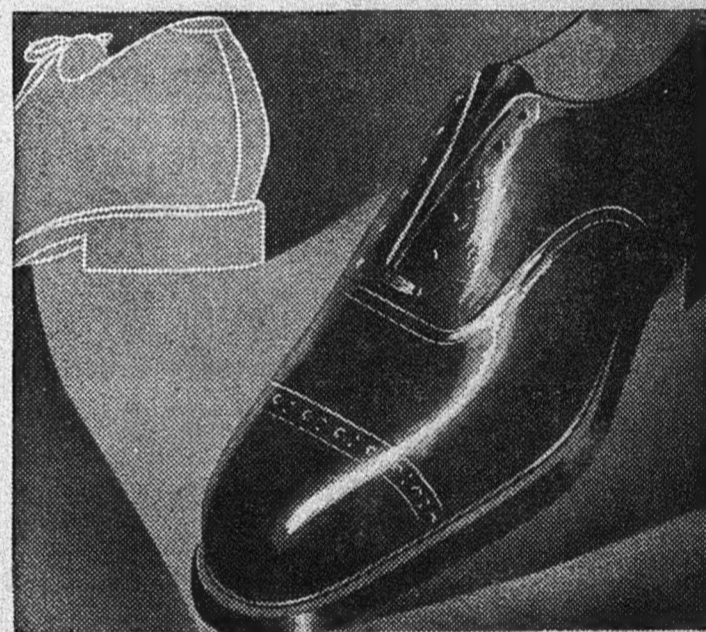
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Star Aquatic Performers Make Training Splash For Inter-Varsity Meet

A brand new gymnasium and swimming pool to be built on the campus! Such was the rumor circulating in '30-'31, but unhappily it passed from being a rumor to take its place along with the plans for library, Students' Union building, etc.

Consequently, swimming at Varsity is not, as it is at other universities, a major sport. But despite the handicap of not having training facilities, Varsity swimming teams have, at times in the past, given their traditional rivals, Saskatchewan, a good battle, and at least twice, the men's team has been victorious.

But this year it is the natatorettes who are making a big showing, and it is certainly pleasing to see Mary McConkey, our Olympic contender, and Carmen McRae, old-time provincial champ, both cleaving the

water for their alma mater. But the men are quickly whipping into shape, and will provide stiff opposition in the mixed meet at the first of the year. In the not too distant future the annual competition against Saskatchewan will be held, and who knows, Alberta may set a precedent by streaking ahead of their rivals.

Most fortunate are both clubs in having Bill Zeigler for coach. Bill is at present a third year science man, who for years has taught and coached swimmers at the city pools.

Contending for crawl honors are Pat Rose and Pete McCauley, for breast stroke Bruce Keith and Stan Ward, and as all around threats we have Walt Dembichl and Gordon Gibson.

The competition in January will put everyone in racing condition, and then, Saskatchewan, beware!

SPORTETTES

By Ruth Hazlett

And it's Christmas again—Christmas with its mistletoe and laughter, its festivities and celebrations, its winsomeness and thoughtfulness. Among the gay spirit of Christmas we always find time for reflection and reminiscence, time to ramble through the old family album, recalling old times and talking about almost forgotten fun.

There's a place for that here, too—not in the family album, but down at the Varsity stadium and over behind Pembina at the tennis courts. There was where eager co-eds sought to match their wits against others in the sprints and high jumps, in the quickness of eye and swiftness of shot—remember!

Yes, we could recall that and many other things, but unfortunately we haven't time to reminisce—there's too much else to do, to acquaint you with what's to come rather than what's gone before.

The major seasons in hockey, basketball and swimming are about to start, after the brief vacation.

Co-ed hoopers will be getting into full swing with the new year.

There's some excellent material out, and it will be needed when we look over the memorandum for the new year. First, there's the city league, with some real strong teams entered, especially the Gradenettes A and B teams. The Calgary Jimnies, a smart team from the southern city, is also clamoring for a game, which will no doubt be arranged for the very near future.

And then there's the trip to Saskatchewan for a two-game intercollegiate series. Gay Ross, president, is busy making arrangements—it's going to be a big year for the co-ed basketballers.

The co-ed pucksters are also looking for a big year ahead of them. The hockey material is of especially high calibre this year, with five players back from last year's team and three newcomers who really know their hockey.

For the first time in history the women's team expects to travel to Saskatchewan. Many years ago the University of Manitoba sent a co-ed hockey team here. There has never been a return game. This year we hope for an exception.

SKATERS GALORE AS RINK OPENS

The University Covered Rink opened its doors to skating enthusiasts at 8:30 on Wednesday, Dec. 9th. It was an ideal evening for skating, with just a touch of frost in the air. By the time the starting signal was given, over 300 eager skaters were ready to go on their way.

The ice had been flooded just before time, and so the surface was as smooth as an unbroken sheet of glass. Owing to the extreme lateness of the season, no grand opening night was prepared. However, the enthusiasm of the crowd needed no added stimulus to enable them to enjoy themselves. The band was in attendance, and provided excellent music. The skaters swayed around the ice to the tune of the melodies, making almost desperate efforts to avoid collisions with their fellow skaters.

Despite the crowd everyone seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly, and it augurs well for the coming season. All orchids go to Arch McEwen and to Doc Webster.

"The rich desire every means by which they may in the first place secure to themselves what they have amassed by wrong, and then take to their own use and profit, at the lowest possible price, the work and labor of the poor."—More's "Utopia".

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GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

GRAY McLAREN STARS AS BEARS WIN IN HOCKEY

Varsity Takes Wetaskiwin In Thrilling Puck Contest On Southern City's Rink

WOYWITKA AND DUNLAP SINK WINNING SHOTS

By Jim Nesbitt

WETASKIWIN, Dec. 15th (Special to The Gateway).—In a forward-passing attack that found their opponents caught short, climaxed by the spectacular net-minding of Graham McLaren, Varsity Bears defeated Wetaskiwin Colonels 4-2 in the most exciting and breath-taking game in the Northern Alberta Intermediate Hockey League this season. The game was played in Wetaskiwin Saturday night before an enthusiastic crowd of fans.

Since their recent defeats from the hands of Vegreville, the Green and Gold sextet showed a vast improvement, and dished up a brand of hockey that if kept up will see them to the finals. Wetaskiwin could not get an orderly offensive under way, being called continually for off-sides; many times they were in dangerous positions right on top of the net, but Varsity's acrobatic goalie, Gray McLaren, kicked the rubber out from all angles. The Colonels' back-checking was not nearly so effective as their opponents; and their defence line could not deal out the same smashing checks.

Score in Short Time
Within four minutes of the starting whistle, things were moving quickly when on a neat combination play Bill Scott flipped the puck in on a pass from MacCallum. With Woywitka being placed in the cooler twice in succession, Wetaskiwin started off on mass attacks, but right from the start McLaren showed he knew how to guard the door



This trio aided admirably when Varsity defeated the Colonels Saturday 4-2. The game was the best of the schedule so far.



In top position is Bob Zender, while the centre lot holds Nick Woywitka and the bottom Jack Dunlap.



of his fort, slipping the latch numerous times on nice saves. Dunlap and Cruikshanks combined to rap one at Gleason in the Wetaskiwin nets, who cleared. Again the Colonels rushed, but were beaten back by Stark and Hall on defence. Both teams stepped out lively in the second frame, but neither was able to make headway until, with a man short on Varsity, the Colonels swarmed in and Cherney scored, assisted by Kirstein.

Woywitka and Cruikshanks featured in the smartest play of the game, which culminated in a goal when, with defencemen Paton and Cherney busy keeping Cruikshanks away from the goal mouth, Woywitka threaded his way around on a solo to put Bears one up.

Bears Hard Pressed
The final session was packed with action from the start and provided, from the spectators' standpoint, the most thrilling brand of hockey exhibited in Wetaskiwin for some time, featured by the work of McLaren in goal.

The Colonels were fighting with determination, pressing Varsity close. Kirstein sized a hard one, which McLaren stopped. Bears were forced to relieve pressure by hooting the puck down the ice. Paton came back, and following the disc around the defence, flipped one in the corner of the net to tie the score again.

Following entanglement in Varsity zone, Wetaskiwin were given a penalty shot, Wainman shooting over the net. Varsity cleared down the

ice, and in a scramble near the Wetaskiwin fort, Scott, from a prone position on the ice, pushed the disc to Dunlap, who rifled it home. The game ended with Colonels on the offensive, endeavoring to pierce beyond McLaren, who outdid himself in stopping a veritable hail of shots.

Talbot Looks On
Both Varsity forward lines were on par in back-checking and attack, with Scott, Dunlap and Woywitka showing up. Big Bill Stark, on defense, was in his usual fine form; Gray McLaren was the shining light of the game.

Coach Jack Talbot discarded his armor for the game, and guided his men's destiny from the players' bench. He expressed himself as being pleased with his squads' performance.

Lineups:
Wetaskiwin—Gleason; Wainman, Paton and Cherney; J. Maddock, P. Maddock and Kirstein; Morrison, Brown and MacGregor.

Varsity—McLaren; Hall, Stark and Zender; Scott, MacCallum and Dunlap; Costigan, Woywitka and Cruikshanks.

Summary:
First period—Scott (MacCallum), 4:00. Penalties—Stark, Woywitka (2), Cruikshanks.

Second period—Cherney (Kirstein), 12:00; Woywitka, 18:00. Penalties—Hall, Stark.

Third period—Paton, 3:00; Woywitka (Zender), 6:00; Dunlap (Scott), 8:00. Penalties—MacCallum. Referees—Forbes Atkinson and Bob White.

First Ping-Pong Tourney Completed Last Saturday As Margolus Beats Bell

FIVE FULL GAMES REQUIRED

In the ping-pong tournament, played in the lower gym in Athabasca Hall, and completed on Saturday, Bory Margolus emerged the champion after playing the best table tennis that he has ever played. He defeated Doug Bell in the finals after a full five games to gain the cup.

Throughout the tournament most of the players were very evenly matched, and in many cases the full three games had to be played. The four semi-finalists were S. Moscovich, D. Bell, S. Prasow, and B. Margolus. To obtain his berth Moscovich had to eliminate M. Zaslow, W. Detro and B. Baron.

Bell put out A. Farnilo, G. England, D. Black.

Prasow beat C. Laycraft, C. Elliott and P. Rose.

Margolus in turn eliminated E. Pierce, B. Sangster, M. Bay, and B.

Blackburn. Then in the semi-finals Bell trimmed Moscovich three games to two, with the scores 14-21, 21-14, 20-22, 21-18 and 21-16 in the final game.

In the other semi-final Margolus won, beating Prasow three games to one, by scores of 21-18, 21-14, 19-21 and 24-22. In both semi-finals the games were very close, and both took close to an hour to complete.

In the finals, playing before a gallery of close to 50 people, with the score see-sawing back and forth throughout, Margolus won the cup by winning the fifth and final game; scores were 19-21, 21-19, 21-22, 19-21 and 25-23.

There were very few upsets in the tournament, and as such keen interest was shown by every participant an attempt will be made to have another tournament after Christmas.

Fencers' Success Due To Coaching By Foil Experts

The Fencing Club, which has accumulated so much popularity on the campus, closed its pre-Christmas training on December 5th.

The Students' Union recently bought a number of masks for the club, and combined with the equipment kindly loaned by the Civil Service Swords Club, the members are as well equipped as any club in Canada. This year there is a chance that the two leading fencers of the tournament will get a trip to Saskatoon to compete with the U. of Sask. Club, which is under the guidance of Prof. Millman.

The classes will start again immediately after Christmas, and any new members wishing to register will then have the opportunity, if the membership is not too large.

It is hoped that none of these honorable fencers will take their exam results as an insult and seek a duel with their professors over disputed marks. Already, students refrain from cutting in on fencers at the Saturday night house dances.



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THE BOYS' SHOP

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SPORTS SHORTS

By Bob Lee

In giving a review of all sport activities for the first part of the term no account could be complete without addition of the monster goal-post rally of November 7.

Their sense of justice fanned to flame, about 400 students overwhelmed the Husky train returning from a triumphant victory over U.B.C. In the ensuing parade that entered cafe and hotel, the cheering throng of almaniacs resurrected a spirit of enthusiastic college pride that old grads thought had vanished when they left.

As some would have it, this long-dormant side of U.A. life a week later resolved itself into a pitched battle between doctor and engineer, with nothing to spur them on but a faded green banner.

It is the firm belief of the bulk of this year's graduands and, 'tis averred, a number of the professors, that following years will see the flame kept at fever height by perhaps an extension of all intercollegiate sport schedules, and at least the establishment of rugby eliminations between the four western universities.

Perchance if Dominion finals persist in being broken up by insidious upholders of eastern amateur virtue, we may find an East-West collegiate final evolving for this mythical All-Canadian belt.

A matter of more than passing interest to city-dwelling Varsity students is the All-Star junior hockey game being staged December 23 for charitable purposes.

It will afford us an opportunity of seeing our young Green and Gold stars in action. No, contrary to all precedent, the boys in question—attending Varsity as they are—still persist in playing for city junior teams.

Either some formal action for such and similar cases which are bound to crop up later, should be taken by the Men's Athletic Association, or else a Varsity junior hockey club organized.

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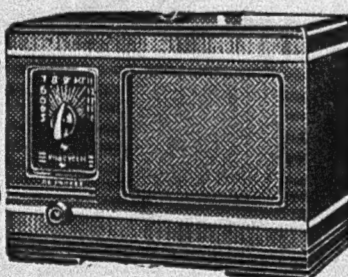
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GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

FORMER ALL-AMERICAN RECALLS GRID EXPERIENCES

Bert Oja, Minnesota Star And Guard of Winnipeg Grants Special Interview

Grid Star Aids Bear Line



BERT OJA

Member of 1929 All-American grid team, in this edition reveals the highlights of his experiences on the gridiron.

Chosen by Knute Rockne On
1929 All-American Team

By Sandy McDonald

Presenting: a big blond fellow whose name has become a byword in sportsmanship among Western rugby players; a man who has gained recognition as a All-American and as an All-Canadian—Bert Oja.

Bert was an outstanding member of Winnipeg's Blue Bombers who defeated Hamilton two years ago to bring the Canadian rugby championship West of the Great Lakes for the first time. Again this year his massive frame, on which his 196 pounds rides easily, was a bulwark of strength to the Winnipeg, who to the surprise of many were ousted from the quest for the Grey Cup by the Regina Roughriders in the Western final.

Along with Bob Fritz he served in the capacity of coach as well as playing inside wing when his team was on the offensive and centre when on the defensive.

Willingly, too, he gave of his time in helping Coach Jamieson in the training of his Green and Gold stalwarts.

Fifth Year Dent

The husky football star, now enrolled as a fifth year Dent at Alberta, had a place in the sun some years before his migration northward. In the falls of '27, '28 and '29 he held down centre for the Minnesota Gophers, who then as now were the juggernaut rolling relentlessly over the best football teams in the U.S.A.

Quizzed as to the highlights of his career on the Gophers, the big man replied that there were lots. In particular he recalled that the season of '29 probably carried with it the greatest thrills. The leadership of their Conference changed five times, but eventually settled itself on the browns of the Gophers. The game that stands in his memory in this merry scramble was with the Northwestern Wildcats who the

The Fall Sportiscope

By "LEAR"

THE current Varsity sport season really opened 'way back on September 7. From that early date, a dozen stocky athletes could be seen down at the grid twice daily, tolling away under the guidance of one known in college circles as "Jake". Spectators wandering over for a glance at the boys would ask themselves, "Can this be the Green and Gold grid machine? Are these the sole stalwarts left to carry on the tradition of half a score of great Bear juggernauts—of such men as Freddy Hess, Mickey Timothy, Al Hall, Ivan Smith, Wilf Hutton and Len Park?" Needless questions these, for before the end of registration week a promising group of over thirty were turning out regularly. Of these Jake chose twenty for the Hi-Grad game the following Saturday, which contest the Bears won 6-1 on Bob Zender's third quarter touchdown.

The first week in October line play of the team began to improve under daily coaching by Bert Oja, line coach of the Winnipeg, who in a special interview this issue gives us a page out of his sport experiences. Of their next three games the Bears took two, winning 15-1 from the Lethbridge Bulldogs and repeating 2-0 against their city

Gophers overthrew 26-14 on this occasion.

It was these same Wildcats who sent the sporting prognosticators scurrying under their desks when they upset the powerful Gophers by a 6-0 score this season. Even this setback, however, failed to dislodge the mighty Minnesota team from top ranking by the sports writers.

In reply to the question as to the differences between American football and Canadian rugby, Bert said that these were not of any great consequence and that he had found no difficulty in acclimating himself to the latter. He missed the blocking permitted in the game as played nearer the equator, but particularly liked the Canadian "rouge" which he believed opened up the game and gave the spectators more thrills.

As to training while at Minnesota U., the football star stated that it was quite strict, but on the whole was largely left to the individual. With so many candidates eager to catch a place on the team, conditioning was a matter of stern necessity.

An All-American

It was in 1929, the year most memorable in the likeable Bert's football history, that he merited a place on the late Knute Rockne's All-American. This year, 1936, he placed on Maclean's All-Western All-Stars. From which it can be gathered that the Mr. Oja who treads so modestly in our midst is just about one of the best rugby-football players on the North American continent.

Although Bert's "first love" on the field of sport is the colorful, man's game of football, he has not specialized in this to the exclusion of all else. While at Minnesota he had what it takes to make the basketball and track teams and he is no stranger to other sports.

Now enrolled as a fifth year Dent and preparing to graduate as a fully qualified puller of teeth this spring, Bert finds his interests in sport subordinate to his work. And be it so, it is all the more reason his fellow students welcome him to the campus as a man who is at one a gentleman and an athlete and who has won for himself the respect of his competitors for his sportsmanship and his ability.

COOPER-JARMAN KEEP EATON CUP FROM INVADERS

The Varsity badminton team once again proved bad medicine for Edmonton Club challengers. Sunday afternoon for the second successive time Harry "Red" Cooper and Barbara Jarman withstood an onslaught of shuttlecocks from the racquets of Lyle Hoar and Bernice Smith to retain the T. Eaton trophy in straight sets 15-9 and 17-14.

The challengers assumed a 3-1 lead at the start of the second set. It disappeared promptly and the score was tied at 4-4, 6-6 and 8-8. At this stage of the game the over-town racquet stars brought gasps of appreciation as they ran the score up to 12-8. Featured was Lyle Hoar's sensational smashing. They held their lead at 14-10, but at set point the Green and Gold standard bearers broke through to swell their total to 12. Placed in a somewhat similar position to when they first won the trophy from George Roberts and Mrs. Washburn, the student team displayed the same fighting spirit to retire their opponents scoreless. They then went on to take five points in a row to give them the set and match at 17-14.

while losing to the Huskies at Saskatoon 5-3.

QUALIFYING to meet the Bronks in the Alberta eliminations for the Western Canada championship they lost out to the southerners 18-7, not a bad showing in the least when we regard the close score to which Carl Cronin's lads held the 'Riders in the finals. Closing their season on home grounds again upon a snow-covered grid they dropped a second game to the Huskies 3-2 to lose the intercollegiate title anew by a total count of 8-5.

Thus in six games they scored 35 points to their opponents' 28, quite a satisfactory batting average. Brightest star on the rugby horizon is the fact that only three of this year's squad graduate in the spring, and best of all, six star frosh on the team will form a nucleus on which Coach Jake can build (as the Junior Prom publicity man would have it), a super-colossal vehicle for many years to come.

Without a doubt the season's highlight was reached in the Thanksgiving Day game, in that last minute attack put on by the Hi-Grads to gain a touch and the game. Three times they reached the G.G. three yard line only to have their plays blocked.

TURNING from gridiron to cinder track, we find Alberta again losing the Cairns trophy to Manitoba U. by the strength of Harry Colman's four victories. Three Varsity freshmen figured in this meet, one of them—Cliff Willets—taking two firsts and two seconds to win the Harold Riley award for Alberta athletes.

Highlight of the intercollegiate meet was the relay event in which Ian Cook had the misfortune to miss the baton for his anchor run. As you will remember, had Alberta placed second instead of third in this she would have captured the Cairns trophy.

THE third principal fall sport—we mean tennis—enjoyed probably the most successful season of the lot. Uncovering a number of first-class frosh stars in the tourney staged during October, and prexyed by Bill Stark, provincial singles titleholder, the university team was guided to a one-sided victory over Saskatchewan representatives. The matches, although run off under adverse weather conditions, provided spectators with some really remarkable tennis.

DISREGARDING the ill-luck which should according to standards accompany Friday the 13th, the Kerr Cup race for cross-country supremacy was run amid mud and slush that would have stopped a veteran. Four men started the cold trek and they all finished. Probably the most noteworthy fact of the whole race was that under such conditions the winner, Jack Davis, could have approached within two minutes of the all-time record for the course. He finished the five miles in 32 minutes and 47 seconds.

Thunderbirds Beat Victoria 17-0 In Rugby

VICTORIA, B.C., Dec. 14 (W. I. P. U.).—The Blue and Gold Thunderbirds of U.B.C. ascended the heights of provincial championship here today when they rode to a smashing 17-0 victory over the Victoria Rep team to regain the coveted McKechnie Cup, symbolic of B.C. rugby supremacy, which has been missing from the Varsity trophy collection since 1928.

Playing on a rain-soaked field in the capital city, they defeated the Rep teams' plans to kick and follow, and boot and barge the lighter "book larnin" crew into the welcoming mud by running criss-cross plays, reversing, and tossing laterals, that skipped a man and generally made the Island team dizzy.

With the three-quarter line clicking like clockwork and the scrum successfully handling its opposition, which was weakly supported, the Vancouver players went to town in the first half and scored the total of 15 points by three penalties, a converted try and a kicked goal. To this they added two more points on a penalty kick in the second half, and held their edge amidst much slipping and sliding on the goosy quagmire and shrieking of the umpire's whistle.

The Victoria boys trooped on the field with nice white gloves, but seemed to go on fumbling just the same, and were forced to yield the 40-year-old trophy with the opinion, "How can you play against a bunch of 'unconscious' kids intent on collecting points, anyway."

SOCCEER enjoyed a continuance of its revival of last year. The interfac league, composed of four teams was won by the Arts aggregation, while an all-star team played the provincial champions, only losing out 5-2.

INTERFACULTY rugby had a real break in the matter of weather and managed to play off their final on a dry field in mid-November. The Arts-Ag-Com-Law team captured the league after a poor start. They lost their first game to the Meds, 5-3, but thereafter were in no danger as they trounced the Engineers 10-0 and the Frosh 7-0. The final which they won over the Engineers was capped 9-6 in a tight game.

BEYOND the mere closeness of the scoring one cannot avoid a mention of the high brand of rugby played. Due to the fact that all but the Frosh included in their lineups former Bearmen, the contests were won on something besides luck which has often been the case in the past.

Highlight of the league schedule was the moment when Lorne Burckell caught a 35 yard pass from Jocko Thomas to start the play for a touch giving the Engineers a victory over the Meds.

LAWYERS, MEDS, FROSH AND ARTS WIN HOOP GAMES

Scoring the most one-sided victory of the league this season, the Lawyers simply walked over the Commencement a week ago this Tuesday. The lawyers used their height to advantage and just dropped the ball through the hoop time after time, counting 24 points to their opponents 4.

Paddy Morris counted ten points to lead his team in sinkers.

Summary:
Law—Morris 10, MacDonald 2, Hutton 2, Crawford 4, Hendricks 2, Layton 2. Totals 24.

Commerce—Bell 2, Brimacombe 2, Erickson, Steel, Legate. Total 4.
Making a perfect antithesis for the first contest with the score see-sawing back and forth, the Meds barely received the decision by the margin of 21-20. Led by Don Perley the Meds were ahead at half time by 13-8.

Said Mr. Perley tossed in 15 points to top both sides.

Summary:
Meds: Young, Perley 15, Cadzow 2, Anderson 4, Moffat, Letts. Total 21.

Science: Johnson 4, Davis 2, Atkins 4, Balderson 2, Hurst 8, Semmens, Bagnall. Total 20.

Thursday's Game

On last Thursday night the Frosh added another victory to their total to make it four in a row without a loss. Their opponents, the Aggies, fought hard and almost turned the tables on the league-leading freshies.

Summary:
Frosh—Moscovich 12, J. Morrison 4, Tull 7, B. Morrison 4, McAllister 2, Mackenzie 5, Prasow, McLaren, Pritchard. Total 34.

Aggies—Lewis 8, McFadden 15, Hall 4, Bentley 2, Green. Total 29.
The Arts quintet displayed the finest brand of basketball seen in the gym this winter and easily defeated the Pharm-Dents in the second game. Taking advantage of every break they won 40-17. At half time they led 20-6 and they went ahead further in the second session.

Summary:
Arts—Reinhardt 4, McKinnon 10, Johnson 2, Cosburn 6, Moore 18, German, Chilton. Total 40.
Pharm-Dents—Gaucne 2, Baillie 8, King 3, Johnson 4, Martin. Total 17.

RIVER SKI TRAIL BUILT THIS YEAR

Filling a need that has long been in evidence, a pair of hardy experts of the sliding shoe, well-known to Varsity skiers, have just completed a scenic ski trail up White Mud Creek on the west side and back on the east side that vies with Alpine trails in its beauty.

The two, Reg Rault and Dick Copeman, have haunted the river trails for many a long season, and offer this, the culmination and result of that experience.

So that skiers may the more enjoy the attraction, the boys have opened up a hostel near the mouth of the creek, called Ski-Inn, where all manner of foodstuffs are served. Finally (and here we scarp an overtown daily sport scribe's phrase) to kill all Swiss competition, Reg Rault will even yodel for his guests.

SKIING MADNESS COVERS COUNTRY SAY ADHERENTS

What is this strange madness which is sweeping over Canada and taking the flower of her youth in its clutch? This new non-isolatable bug which seizes a normal healthy person and causes him to swear with divers swear-words and curse with divers curse-words at what to anyone else seems a particularly fine, mild winter.

'Tis an odd disease called Skitiitis by some, and the symptoms are unmistakable. The victim delights in placing two long flat boards across chairs and anointing them, himself, and anyone else around with a sticky, smelly, substance. He works with great absorption as though at some important task and with a happy countenance. Then out he goes, and with two boards strapped on his feet and a stick firmly clutched in each hand, goes racing up and down snow-covered hills in the strangest manner.

This malady can't be so serious, because doctors often recommend the catching of it, particularly to men with fine large chests slipped down below the belt line, and ladies with many a curve gone wrong in a most unbecoming fashion.

The victims are called skiers, and there are many of them around the campus; in fact, a whole club full of them, so if this bug has bitten you, don't be too worried; you'll find lots of others who will be glad to have you around. In fact, the harder you are smitten with it the more the Varsity Ski Club will welcome you.

The cause for the sudden sweep of the disease is due to a great improvement in the technique of downhill skiing, real skiing, of which jumping is only a branch. It has at last come into its own, and is open for anyone who enjoys the swooping, darting, leaping expert hurtling down the snow-clad slopes on two little skis.

GREEN AND WHITE YEAR BOOK STAFF PLAYS SHEAFERS

SASKATOON, Dec. 15. (W.I.P.U.)—Playing what might aptly be termed the most unusual game ever to take place on a rugby field the Greystone Hammerheads defeated the Sheaf Sharks, 12-0, in a wild and hilarious imitation of rugby on Friday, Nov. 20.

The Hammerheads, the Year Book officials, during the game attempted two plays which resulted in end-runs; and which so completely fooled the Sharks that two touches were scored. Both teams found themselves penalized thirty yards—an event which neither team could account for except that Referee Garvie did not like some of the players. The Sharks, staff members of the student paper at the U. of S. were accused of using imports but after the game had started the Hammerheads had a surprising influx of players which they could not account for as belonging to the Greystone proper. As Con Ashby, Sheaf editor told Don Larmour, captain of the Hammerheads, "The only difference was that your imports all turned up and mine did not".

The trophy which was won by the Greystone staff is the much-valued Horsecollar. This symbol of Athletic supremacy between the rival offices found its way to Winnipeg simultaneously with the return home of D'Arcy Dolan, editor of the "Manitoban", who was a guest of the University of Saskatchewan during the week-end of Nov. 21.

judgment, but these can be acquired gradually. There can be modest beginnings, and when perfection comes with practice and with falls—a soaring eagle in its flight can scarcely be compared with the nonchalant grace of the swooping, darting, leaping expert hurtling down the snow-clad slopes on two little skis.

THE Shasta Holiday Program

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- Christmas Night—Regular Cabaret Dance (no Cover Charge).
- New Year's Eve—New Year Cabaret Dance, \$6.00 per couple, including Dinner.
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DR. LEACOCK VISITS UNIVERSITY; SPEAKS IN CONVOCATION HALL

(Continued from Page 9)

see why a horse-doctor must pass in Latin, it is not so illogical when one realizes that mastering the intricacies of Latin Grammar the insides of a horse present no difficulties.

Tests are necessary to replace spontaneous vision in our modern educational system. One who pursued truth too assiduously might be put out of college or fail his exams. In literature, again, isolated study is for only the few, and the companionship of the classroom is necessary.

Worst Lecture

The worst lecture ever given—and Dr. Leacock professed to know whereof he spoke—was better than none at all. The price of reduction of everything to classroom formulas was a spoiling in the process. Many students "condemned to Shakespeare" have lost taste for his works as a result. Here Dr. Leacock illustrated the method of the modern text-book of literature. "There is nothing directly known about Shakespeare's occupation, but we have evidence to show that he was a bartender, lawyer, and sailor."

Merchant of Venice, I, 4: Come now, gentlemen, what shall yours be?

Henry the Fourth, I, 6: What is there in this for me?

Romeo and Juliet, XVII, 25: How is her head now, nurse?

Immortal Writers

Tennyson was one of the wonderful writers of the Victorian age, an age, in many ways superior to our own times, believes Dr. Leacock. Amid the wreckage, despair and doubt of the present day we shall never again see glory like that of

that former age. Today when everybody can do almost everything and the world is full of little figures striving for supremacy, there are no men whose shoulders rise above the mass in the world of literature. The works of Tennyson, Mills, Macaulay and others will live long after our best sellers of today are in ashes, in the opinion of Stephen Leacock. He advised his audience to wait one hundred years and see whether his words were correct or not.

There is still a need for reality in education. While the old idea of a student as a person with pallid face from too much burning of the midnight oil had been overdrawn, we have now swung too far to the other extreme, when students substitute "student activities" for intense studying and burn instead of midnight oil, two o'clock gasoline.

Professors Change

The professors have changed quite as much as the students in the past fifty years, believes Dr. Leacock. While the professors of a former day with their long white beards were considered something of "easy marks" by the students, nevertheless they were capable of engendering an undying affection in their students.

In conclusion, the noted lecturer stated that he was not proposing anything in respect to modern education, but was merely indicating the nature of the dilemma, which consists of real study on the one hand and a measured curriculum on the other. Education which does not inspire the soul is nothing.

Indicative of the high esteem in which Stephen Leacock is held was the enthusiastic ovation given by the large audience at the conclusion of his address.

WORLD AFFAIRS ARE REVIEWED

(Continued from Page 7)

Arms Race Unparalleled

Fear of what may come out of the European grab-bag has led to an armament race unparalleled in world history. Last of the major European nations to enter this race, Britain has now commenced an armament program which dwarfs anything ever before seen in that country. There is unfortunately considerable ground for belief that the apparent improvement in conditions in England is in a large part due to the armament expenditures. Rumors that plants in Canada are actively engaged in the production of armaments for Britain has raised the question of what effect this might have upon Canada in the event of a world war.

Tough Job

From a strictly political point of view, undoubtedly Europe's biggest event of the year was the sensational elections in France, which resulted in victory for the leftist coalition headed by Leon Blum. This rather unimpressive, ordinary-looking man has today probably the toughest political job in the world. Because of the amazing number of parties which characterize French politics (a most unhealthy sign), it is practically impossible for any one party to gain a clear majority in the Chambre des Deputes, and a government can be formed only by coalition of several parties. Thus Blum depends upon the support of the Communists to maintain his government in office. While this group has supported the present government fairly consistently, they have undoubtedly proved, to say the least, difficult to get along with, and must have given Premier Blum many anxious moments. France is today probably in the most precarious position in her whole history. Premier Blum's government is pinched between his Communist supporters on one side and his Fascist enemies on the other. If the Blum government were to collapse today, the possibilities of a Fascist coup in France would be very imminent.

Hope Shines in America

While the nations of Europe pass into the twilight shadows, the light of hope still shines on the American continents. This rapid survey of the year 1936 would not be complete without comment on two important events in the Americas. A month ago Franklin Delano Roosevelt was re-elected President of the United States by an overwhelming majority. Two factors probably contributed to this tremendous victory. One is President Roosevelt's personality. He is undoubtedly one of the most popular presidents ever elected in the United States. The other factor is the evident desire of a majority of people to see the "new deal" experiment continued. Some people may be afraid to see it ended because it would mean the loss of their jobs, some may be afraid of the effect that the stopping of the government's colossal public works program would have on business, and some may just be tired of the "old deal." Predictions of what President Roosevelt may do in the next four years are difficult. It may be said, however, that for the time being his re-election has assured a measure of stability in the affairs of the United States internally, and probably further improvement of that country's international relations externally.

Roosevelt Leading Figure

The most hopeful peace conference held in this world which has ceased to believe in peace, was held in Buenos Aires only some two weeks ago. President Roosevelt was undoubtedly its central figure. Apparently not much in the way of concrete plans came out of this conference, but it was conducted throughout in an open and above-board manner which would have amazed anyone used to hearing reports of League of Nations sessions. Nineteen thirty-six has been a year of serious problems, and leaves a troubled world to face the new year. However, none of the problems are entirely insoluble. It may be perhaps that 1937 will see some of these problems well on their way to a solution.

MED-GREASERS ANNUAL FIGHT

(Continued from Page 2)

Australian Aborigines

From here the conversation passed in a desultory fashion, from one subject to another. Dr. Cottee is evidently keenly interested in the Aborigines of Australia. This race, of which only about 40,000 have survived the coming of the white man, supplies a very interesting subject for study.

Physically the Aborigines are of average height, but with a tendency to extreme corpulence. They are largely omnivorous, eating lizards, grubs and roots and particularly relishing a worm, four feet in length, which is strangely enough known as the "cobra". It is to this queer diet that Dr. Cottee attributes the perfection of their teeth and their absolute freedom from such diseases as cancer.

"Sea Slug"

"Doc" went on to describe a curious denizen of the sea, known as the "Sea Slug" which when approached by a hungry looking fish, turns itself inside out, thus presenting its vitals as a peace offering to the delicate nibble of the pleasantly surprised fish in question. When the latter has completed his nourishing repast, and has departed, the Sea Slug resumes its natural form, and with great nonchalance proceeds to grow another set of internal organs.



Men's Fancy Wool Scarves

The gift of a scarf as snappy as these is sure to please. Shown in fancy check and stripe patterns . . . also Scotch plaids. Priced at

98c to \$2.50

—Also Men's White Dress Scarves. Priced at \$1.00, \$2.95 and \$4.00

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In Novelty Patterns

A smart new four-in-hand tie is always one of the most acceptable of men's gifts . . . choice of plain shades and many new and different designs. Priced at

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All ties attractively boxed

MEN'S GLOVES

Lined and Unlined

Gloves make ideal gifts for Father, Brother and Boy Friend. Choose yours from the many different ranges displayed at Johnstone Walker's . . . capeskin, goat, deer and peccary hog . . . choice of lined or unlined in black, tan and grey. Priced at

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MEN'S SOX

In Neat Patterns

Don't make a mistake and pass up socks when you are compiling your Christmas Gift list . . . for few men have an over-supply of such articles. Come in silk and wool, and all wool in cashmere weight . . . many smart patterns to choose from . . . in the popular clock check and fancy patterns. Shades of blue, grey and brown. Priced at

49c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50

Useful "Tips" For Men's Gifts

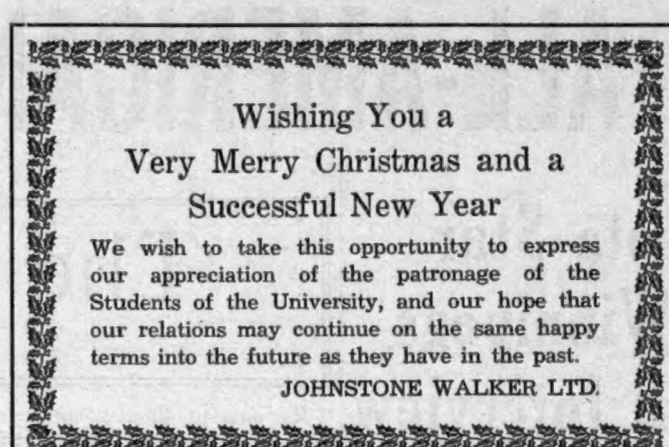
Any of the following gifts will be greatly appreciated.

—Men's Hickok Belts 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50
—Men's Garters, wide and narrow web at 25c and 50c
—Men's Suspenders in wide and narrow widths, at \$1.00
—Tie Clips, plain and initialled at 50c

Men's "Packard" Gift Slippers

Women buying gifts for men need not hesitate choosing either Everett or Romeo styles . . . for they are two of the favorites. The Everett is a low-cut style with padded soles and cushion heels . . . the Romeo slipper . . . one style has padded soles, cushion heels and zipper fastening . . . the second style comes in brown kid with leather sole and heel. Priced at

\$1.75 to \$3.95



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We wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation of the patronage of the Students of the University, and our hope that our relations may continue on the same happy terms into the future as they have in the past.

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—Lovely Satin Gowns in tailored style with dainty touches of embroidery . . . bias fitted styles, finished with fancy girdles. Shown in nurose and white. Priced at

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Slips to Match. Priced at \$2.95

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MEN'S "FORSYTH" AND "ARROW" SHIRTS

New Stock Specially Selected for Gifts

\$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50

If your father or friend is very particular about his shirts, insist on either "Forsyth" or "Arrow" make, and he'll know you stopped at nothing short of the best! Made from finest Canadian and imported shirtings in neat new patterns and plain shades. Collar attached or two separate collars to match. Sizes 14 to 17.

FORSYTH PYJAMAS FOR MEN

Fine Quality Broadcloths and Flannelette

\$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50

Women shopping for gifts for men need not hesitate choosing Forsyth Pyjamas . . . and the very fact of their being "Forsyth's" assures you of excellent quality and finish. Made of English broadcloths and flannelettes in neat check, stripe and novelty patterns . . . well-cut and roomily made. Shown in Russian and Cossack styles and the popular French collar style with contrasting trim. Have Forbelt elastic waistband. Sizes 36 to 44.

For Those Who Want the Best in Gifts

MEN'S DRESSING GOWNS and LOUNGING ROBES

\$2.95 to \$6.50 to \$13.00

There's nothing in a gift that conveys so much sentiment . . . thought . . . and esteem as a gift of a robe . . . they're just the things to wear around residence or while studying. Made of good quality materials . . . eiderdown and terry cloths, and wool and silk. Shown in neat check and fancy patterns. Have silk cord girdle and contrasting trim. Sizes 36 to 44. Priced at \$2.95, \$4.45, \$5.25, \$6.50, \$9.50 and \$13.00



English House Coats and Smoking Jackets

\$6.95, \$9.50, \$12.00

Something that a man rarely buys for himself, yet is extremely pleased to receive, and will benefit by such a gift. Made of fine all wool materials and flannelette. Come in shades of sand, blue and red with contrasting trim. Sizes 36 to 44.



Evening Handkerchiefs

Are Always Acceptable

Dainty squares of soft chiffon or sheer georgette in lovely colorings to match your evening gown. Just tuck one of these lovely handkerchiefs in an envelope with a Christmas card . . . this makes a delightful gift. Priced at

25c to \$1.95

VELVET SCARVES at \$1.95 and \$2.50

Possibly you are shopping for gifts. Yet we feel that you will admire these scarves so much that you'll want one for yourself. Designed by a Russian artist in attractive designs in gorgeous colorings . . . of chiffon velvet in Ascot style, lined with silk crepe-de-chine. Priced at

\$1.95 and \$2.50

Nottingham Lace Table Covers

Your mother would certainly be delighted to receive such a lovely gift as a lace table cover. They are in pleasing new lace edgings in rich beige and ecru shades. Sizes 72 by 90 inches. Priced at

\$2.95 and \$3.50

"Orient" and "Super- silk" Gift Hosiery

When choosing gift hosiery always specify "Orient" and "Supersilk" Brands. You know you are giving the best. Choose from fine, sheer chiffon . . . dull silk crepe . . . heavy service . . . and service, silk-to-the top. Priced at

\$1.00 and \$1.50

For the Sports Enthusiast SKI SOX

Ski Sox, Sport Sox and Anklets are dandy gifts for the sports enthusiasts. Some are in high shoe style and turn-down cuffs . . . knit of all wool yarns. Choice of scarlet, two shades of green, blue, white and marl mixture with striped top. Priced at

50c and 75c

"Knicksnacks" Are Ideal Gifts

A few suggestions that make ideal Christmas gifts: Yarn and String Holder filled with stationery . . . Spool Holder . . . Hammered Brass Jugs . . . Cream and Sugar or Sandwich Trays . . . Knitting Bags filled with stationery . . . Boudoir Pictures . . . Egg Timers . . . Recipe Clipping Books . . . and many others. Priced at

50c to \$1.75



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